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The Outlook

JULY 17, 1909

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HE CHAMPLAIN CELEBRATION

Last week was a week of carnival on the shores of Lake Champlain. Three undred years ago the waters of that lake ere first seen by a white man, Samuel e Champlain, the "Father of New rance." For two centuries the lake and he country about were the battle-ground f three nations and the native Indians. ast week representatives of those nations nited to commemorate the events of ose turbulent years. Beginning on Inependence Day, the celebration moved om Crown Point to Fort Ticonderoga, ence to Plattsburg (all in New York tate), then to Burlington, Vermont, nd last to Isle la Motte, near the anadian line. To each point thronged eople from the country round, and, at ach, speeches by prominent men formed e nucleus for elaborate celebrations with l the usual pomp and ceremony and enial enjoyment of such occasions. Govrnor Hughes, of New York, and Govrnor Prouty, of Vermont, were the official okesmen, as it were, at each stoppingoint. The President of the United States, e British Ambassador, and the French mbassador represented the three nations r whom the Champlain region had once rnished battle-grounds; and each of them sed the opportunity to make a plea for eace. Canada was represented by her ostmaster-General, Rodolphe Lemieux. ddresses were delivered at one or nother of the towns by Elihu Root, Seth ow, Hamilton W. Mabie, and Admiral riu, of the Japanese Navy, and poems ere read by Clinton Scollard, Percy W. ackaye, and Bliss Carman. The most ectacular feature of the week was a geant given by 175 Indians on a floating and in the lake. The island, which as built on scows arranged catamaran shion, was covered with trees, the tees of Indians, and a palisade of pointed logs with a great gate in the middle, and inside several log houses and other huts, all built in the original style of the Iroquois. The Indians, if they were not descendants of the Indians that Champlain and his successors knew, were at least representatives of the fourth race that fought about the lake. They presented the Canadian version of the story of Hiawatha, and reproduced the victory of Champlain and his Indian allies over the Iroquois. The island was towed from place to place each day, and the pageant was thus presented wherever the celebration was held. At Plattsburg there was a great military parade, with United States regulars, New York militia, members of the Grand Army, and two regiments from Canada—the Governor-General's Foot-Guards, from Ottawa, and the Fifth Royal Canadian Highlanders, in the characteristic Scotch costume, from Montreal. The presence of these smart regiments, marching with the more soberly dressed American troops, emphasized again the spirit of international good will which was the most significant aspect of the entire occasion.

THE ALDRICH BILL PASSES THE SENATE

Last week the United States Senate passed the Aldrich Tariff Bill by a vote of forty-five to thirty-four. Ten Republican votes, we are glad to say, were recorded against the measure. They were cast by Mr. Beveridge, of Indiana, Mr. Bristow, of Kansas, Messrs. Brown and Burkett, of Nebraska, Mr. Crawford, of South Dakota, Messrs. Cummins and Dolliver, of Iowa, Mr. La Follette, of Wisconsin, and Messrs. Clapp and Nelson, of Minnesota. These men come from the Central West; they stand for an intelligent constituency. The more important changes which the Senate has made in the Tariff Bill as passed

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by the House are: the substitution of a corporation tax for an inheritance tax; the provisions for a Tariff Commission and for a Special Customs Court; the elimination of the retaliatory feature of the maximum and minimum provision; and the increase in the Internal Revenue tax on tobacco. The tariff duties themselves have been changed by devices of classification, by decreases and increases, the net result being that the duties proposed represent, in general, upward and not downward revision, and are a betrayal of the spirit of the Republican platform pledge and of the principles repeatedly enunciated by President Taft. The bill, together with the House bill, now goes to a conference between the two houses. While the country looks to the Senate conferees to stand firm on such administrative features as improve those of the House bill, it certainly expects the House conferees to stand firm on their more moderate duties. Fortunately, very many members of the House will soon be candidates for re-election. What one of them feels that the Aldrich schedules of ultra-protection would help his campaign?

TAXATION OF HOLDING COMPANIES

Should those corporations known as "holding companies" be exempt from the corporation excise tax? That is the question around which circled the debate in Congress last week over the excise tax provision, and concerning which there developed the most emphatic difference of opinion. What this question involves may be made clear by a very simple supposititious case. A company, which we will call the Minterville Railway Company, with twenty stockholders, has been organized to carry on the business of a railway. On the net income of that railway, which amounts to $500,000, is levied a two per cent tax of $10,000. Another company, which we will call the Minterville Mining Company, with twenty stockholders, is organized to carry on a coal mine. On the net income of the mining company, of $500,000, is levied a two per cent tax of $10,000. There are certain commercial advantages to be obtained in combining the two companies; but if they were actually united, the coal, according to law, could be used only for the consumption of the railway. Instead, therefore, of a union of the two in one, a third company is formed. This is called the Minterville Securities Company. It is organized, not to conduct a railway or to manage a mine, but simply to own stock. The twenty stockholders of the railway company and the twenty stockholders of the mining company transfer their stock to the Securities Company, and in return receive an equivalent amount of stock in the Securities Company. So now the railway company has but one stockholder, the Minterville Securities Company; likewise the mining company has but one stockholder, the same Minterville Securities Company; while the Minterville Securities Company itself has forty stockholders. The $1,000,000 of combined net incomes of each of the two companies is first taxed $20,000 and then paid to the Securities Company. This gives the Securities Company a net income of $980,000. The question is, Should a two per cent tax be levied on this sum before distribution to the forty stockholders? According to unofficial reports, President Taft answers: No. This sum has been taxed once. To levy another tax on it would mean double taxation. The Senate, however, has answered, Yes. The ground for the second tax, as given in debate, is apparently that holding companies make great aggregations of wealth easy, and great aggregations of wealth are undesirable and should be discouraged. The reasons advanced by Senators in favor of taxing holding companies The Outlook does not find weighty. The way to remedy undemocratic aggregation of wealth is not to destroy the aggregation, but to make it democratic. We doubt, moreover, whether such a tax would seriously check such combinations of capital. It seems to us, however, a fair question whether the taxation of holding companies, which is clearly double taxation, is not justifiable on other grounds. The corporation tax is laid on the privilege of freedom from responsibility. The ordinary commercial corporation enjoys the freedom from responsibility involved in escaping the liability of joint partnership. The holding company enjoys an additional freedom of responsibility by escaping some

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of the obligations of the ordinary commercial corporation. Is it unfair that, corresponding to this additional freedom, the holding company should pay an additional tax? Moreover, the corporation excise tax is levied for the purpose, in large measure, of securing necessary Governmental supervision. There is no aspect of the corporation problem which has more to do with making Governmental supervision imperative than that presented by the existence of holding companies. Certainly holding companies as much as any class of corporations should be under Governmental control. If it is not unfair to levy the additional tax on the additional privilege, is there not good reason for levying it in order to secure supervision where supervision is specially needed? The Outlook agrees with the President on the general subject of the corporation tax. To the specific subject of the tax on holding companies, to which the President is reputed to be opposed, The Outlook raises the question whether the same general principles on which the corporation tax is justified would not also apply.

POLITICS AND THE PUBLIC ENEMIES

If Mr. McClellan, the Tammany Mayor of New York City, had wished to present the anti-Tammany forces with an issue for the Mayoralty campaign this year, he could not have done it more effectively than he has. The summary removal of Police Commissioner Bingham, following the issuance of orders that virtually reduced the Commissioner to a merely clerical position, has presented a very clear and simple question to the voters: Is the tremendous power of the police to be used solely for the maintenance of order and the service of the community, or is it to be used for the pecuniary advantage of favored organizations and individuals at the expense of the community? In the struggle between the forces for decency, for law, for public and private safety, and the forces for crime, violence, indecency, disorder, the Mayor, falling in with the attack on General Bingham made by Judge Gaynor, for some reason unknown and as yet incomprehensible, has thrown the full weight of his great office on the side of the lawless and the criminal. As a New York clergyman, the Rev. Dr. William M. Grosvenor, has said in a letter to the New York Evening Post:

> He utterly misreads the real significance of the situation. He sees some small political issue concerning the coming municipal election. Who cares anything about the Duffy case? No doubt the police were mistaken in that and in a hundred other questions. The issue he does not see is this: that he, the Mayor of New York, has joined with a Justice of the Supreme Court in undermining and casting contempt upon the official forces of law and order that we must depend upon in this great city, into which are flocking thousands of lawless people from every nation of the earth. . . . All the arrogance and all the unlawful acts that may have been done by the police are not comparable in seriousness to this act of Judge and Mayor in destroying the confidence of the people in the protectors of our life and property. . . . The respect for and confidence in the police is fundamental and the essential beginning of all reasonable government. The people have not had that moral confidence. Under General Bingham it was growing, and now the Mayor and the Judge blow out that flickering flame and leave us in the old darkness to grope in utter uncertainty concerning the future.

The fact had been plain to many that Tammany Hall has stood for compromise and barter with lawbreakers; but until this incident nothing had occurred which in a striking and dramatic form could impress that fact on the mass of the people. Now everybody can understand that no man, though he be gentleman and scholar, can accept the principles on which Tammany is conducted without lending himself at critical moments to the interests of those who are enemies of the city.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A CAMPAIGN

That General Bingham will, in some capacity, be a factor in the campaign next fall is undoubted. He has even been thought of as the anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor. In any case, his bluff, vigorous speech and manner, his soldierly ways, even his wooden leg, will give him distinction and forcefulness as a campaigner; and of course his knowledge of police affairs will furnish a fund of campaign material. Meantime the week has made the issue clearer than ever. Into General Bingham's place the

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Mayor has put a Mr. Baker, formerly a Deputy Commissioner, who had been all but removed from office, a man of no force or initiative, but well versed in politics, and a believer in the doctrine that public office may be used for the return of private favors. He is now dutifully doing what the Mayor has bidden him to do. The fact is that Mayor McClellan himself is virtually Police Commissioner, and the man who is nominally at the head of the police is his clerk. Inspector Russell, one of the few men who has dared to do his duty as a police officer, has, on a charge which he has had no chance to refute, been reduced in rank and transferred to a post miles away from the home where he has to leave his invalid wife. Other officers have been changed about with the apparent implication that those who enforce the law in accordance with the wishes of district leaders will find their way easy. The sensitiveness of the police force to even a single transfer that can be thus interpreted is proverbial. Under General Bingham the men had begun to feel that not even the Mayor himself could secure the otherwise harmless transfer of the humblest patrolman for the sake of pleasing a petty boss. Now that feeling, it is safe to say, is gone. How far-reaching is this movement at the head of which the Mayor has placed himself is indicated by his latest action regarding an efficient magistrate. Most of those who come before the magistrates' courts are too poor to employ counsel. Unhappily, the magistrates, who embody the authority of the law for the great majority of ordinary citizens, have not, in many cases, been men worthy of any respect. When, therefore, such a man as Judge Steers, who, in spite of the influence of a boss, dares to mete out justice to a brute who strikes and abuses a respectable woman, is on the bench, good citizens naturally expect his reappointment. Mayor McClellan has not reappointed him. It is not surprising that the Citizens' Union, the Committee of One Hundred, recently organized to secure co-operation among the forces for decent government, and other bodies have found in Mayor McClellan's own actions material to be used against Tammany Hall and the ringsters who live in accordance with its doctrines. The Citizens' Union has already announced that among the several candidates for office it will select that one whom it most favored and cast its weight on his side; and that it will make separate nominations where necessary. The greatest service, however, which the Citizens' Union can do and will do is to make public the records of candidates for office, explain issues, and enlighten public opinion. After all, the great majority of people in a city like New York want decent government, just as the great majority of policemen would be glad to be allowed to do their duty without being pressed into asking favors from small politicians. The loss of General Bingham has done great harm to the city; it has thwarted plans for the repression and suppression of great evils, it has discouraged conscientious police officials, it has made it almost impossible for self-respecting men to take positions of responsibility under Mayor McClellan, and so has necessarily hurt the public service; but it has brought the city one benefit: it has shown how inevitable is the partnership between the self-seeking politician and the enemies of the people.

THE QUEST FOR JUSTICE

Readers of The Outlook will be glad to learn that a definite and well-organized movement for reform in our criminal law and its administration has at last been set on foot. It originated at a Conference recently held in Chicago, where, in response to an invitation from the Faculty of the Northwestern University School of Law, one hundred and fifty delegates from almost every State in the Union—some of them officially appointed by the Governors of their States—came together. At the Conference was founded the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology as a permanent body for the promotion of remedial legislation and for systematic study of all problems relating to the detection, punishment, and prevention of crime. In its membership are included judges, lawyers, prosecuting attorneys, prison superintendents, police officials, alienists, criminologists, psychologists, and sociologists; the idea being that real progress towards correcting the evils of our pres-

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ent methods of dealing with offenders against society can be obtained only by uniting for intelligent discussion and co-operation experts who approach the subject from different standpoints and can contribute to its more thorough understanding in the light of their special knowledge. Besides voting to effect a permanent organization, the Conference decided to establish branches in the different States, both for purposes of investigation and in order to stimulate public interest in any measures which it may be found desirable to urge on State legislatures. A commission was selected to study the criminal laws of Great Britain and other European countries, with a view to ascertaining as to how far they might wisely be imitated in revising the American code. Another was appointed to appeal to Congress for the establishment of a Bureau to collect crime statistics. But the most important action taken by the Conference, aside from organizing the Institute, was the selection of a number of problems to be studied by special committees, and by them to be reported on at another Conference next year. One committee, for example, is to take up the problem of devising means to make certain that accused persons will have fair and speedy trials; a second, the problem of appeals and reversals, with particular reference to the question of eliminating technicalities and trivial errors as grounds for appeal and reversal; a third will endeavor to find a way of insuring "impartial but prompt selection of intelligent jurors." A fourth committee is to pass on the feasibility of unifying the courts so as to do away with the burdensome cost of transcripts, bills of exception, writs of error, etc., and thus make it easier for the poor man to obtain justice; a fifth will consider the advisability of recommending the abolition of all expert testimony other than that given by specialists appointed by the court instead of retained, as is at present the practice, by either the prosecution or the defense. Other committees will investigate the probation, parole, and indeterminate sentence systems; the relationship between drink and crime; the social and other causes "combining to encourage and establish the persistent offender;" and the conditions in penal institutions, particularly the indiscriminate mingling of persons of different ages and of varying degrees of delinquency. Others, again, will consider the question of what qualifications and training ought to be possessed by members of boards of pardon and boards of parole, and the propriety of making monetary or other indemnification to persons acquitted of criminal charges. In all, the Institute will have at work during the next twelve months sixteen special committees studying as many specific problems of criminology and criminal law reform. This may be thought a somewhat rash and unnecessary diffusion of energy. Yet when the Conference met, it had before it for discussion no fewer than one hundred and thirty-three problems suggested by delegates as being of vital importance. The scope and need for reform in this field are indeed tremendous, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the Institute will realize its originators' ideal of developing into a vigorous and effective agent for social service. Certainly its personnel and the spirit displayed at the Conference promise well for its future. It is not amiss to add that the immediate occasion for the Conference was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Northwestern University Law School. When the question of the celebration came up, it was decided to substitute for the conventional exercises upon such occasions something of permanent and general usefulness; and out of this decision, as the result of suggestions advanced by Dean John H. Wigmore and Professor Roscoe Pound, grew the idea of calling a national Conference on criminology and criminal law reform.

A PLAN FOR CHICAGO

City planning has been in vogue in Europe for half a century or more. During the reign of the third Napoleon important reconstruction work was done in Paris under the direction of Baron Haussmann. In the Teutonic countries, notably Germany and Austria, the rebuilding of cities in accordance with well-considered plans has made much headway and an important literature on the subject has been developed. In this country the city-planning movement owes its inspiration chiefly to

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the World's Fair of 1893 in Chicago. When the people witnessed the impressive grouping of beautiful buildings at the Fair, they began to ask why their cities might not be made permanently beautiful. Most of our cities have developed in a haphazard manner. Washington is the chief exception, and it is the most beautiful city in the United States. Washington was laid out in the beginning in accordance with the plan devised by L'Enfant, the French engineer. When a city-planning group made a study of Washington a few years ago, its chief recommendation was for a closer adherence to the original plan of L'Enfant. Since the holding of the World's Fair in Chicago practically all of the larger and many of the lesser cities of the country have had studies made and plans suggested for remodeling in accordance with orderly notions of development, with a view to promoting both beauty and utility. It is significant that Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, one of the architects who helped to create the vision of beauty in Chicago in 1893, has been identified with the city-planning movements that have attracted most attention. He helped work out the plans for Cleveland, Washington, and San Francisco. Now Chicago has come forward with a city plan more ambitious than any of those yet presented in this country. The movement was undertaken by the Commercial Club, and supported entirely by contributions of public-spirited citizens. The cost of the enterprise up to date approaches $75,000. Mr. Burnham, who has had charge of the work, has given his time without compensation. Mr. Jules Guérin, the well-known artist and illustrator, who had a hand in the preparation of plans for the Fair of 1893, painted many of the pictures, reproductions of which appear in the report just made public. The report represents about thirty months' work by a carefully selected staff. It outlines a plan for Chicago's future development calculated, if followed, to make the city one of the most beautiful in the world. The Outlook expects to present in its Magazine Number for September reproductions of some of the significant drawings and views contained in this report, together with an article descriptive of the plan and its possible relation to the future development of Chicago.

HAS BRITISH RULE SUCCEEDED IN INDIA?

The effect of the assassination of Colonel Sir William Curzon Wyllie, Political Aide-de-Camp to Lord Morley, Secretary of State for India, has been less impressive than was imagined by the Hindu anarchists who brought it about. The civil government of two hundred and thirty million persons in British India is in the hands of some twelve hundred civil servants, and no one can have any real knowledge of India without a deep sense of the splendid work done by the Indian Civil Service. The people of India themselves may not like the British, but they recognize the benefits of British rule, they are bound to the British by self-interest, and, in particular, they recognize the worth of the Indian Civil Service. If one member of that service drops out, a sense of loss is felt rather than a sense of relief from oppression. It is true that England has fallen short in some respects as to her government of India. It is true that the problem is a social rather than a political one, and that, particularly in primary education, the English have not done in India what we, for instance, are now doing in the Philippines. It is true, also, that economically the people of India have suffered severely of late, not only from famine and pestilence, but also from trade competition, from taxation, and from diminutions of revenue. But the Indians know that, were British power to be entirely relaxed, nothing would prevent Hindus and Mohammedans from flying at each other's throats. A civil war would ensue the like of which has not been seen since the days of the Grand Mogul in the seventeenth century, of which we are now able to read in a new translation of Manucci's "Storio do Mogor," by William Irvine (Dutton). With the present system of English military control, there is probably little danger of a repetition of the Mutiny of half a century ago. There has been during the past year, however, a considerable tendency towards sporadic crime of a political character. This has been checked, first, by the imposition of the Deportation

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Act, a regulation of the year 1818. It reads: "Reasons of state occasionally render it necessary to place under personal restraint individuals against whom there may not be sufficient ground to institute any judicial proceedings." In other words, the Act is equivalent to a suspension of habeas corpus necessary to cope with the culmination of a remarkable list of crimes and of terrorism which prevented evidence. The ordinary processes of law were no longer adequate. The second cause of England's new ascendency in India has been Lord Morley's wise course in admitting to his Home Council in London two natives, one a Hindu, the other a Mohammedan; in the admittance to the Council of the Viceroy of India of a native, Mr. Sinha, a distinguished lawyer; finally, in Lord Morley's introduction and conduct through Parliament of a measure for political reconstitution in India, by the provisions of which an adequate native representation is to be secured in the district and local councils. It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Gokhale, the Indian leader, said, in the Legislative Council, the other day, at Calcutta, that Lord Morley had saved India from drifting into chaos. No government, it is believed, ever undertook a more complicated task than that which the British Government has undertaken in India. Despite ebullitions of unrest and of dissatisfaction, and despite the baleful work of fanaticism and anarchism, British rule in India goes on in ever-increasing, not decreasing, benefit to civilization.

CONGRESSMAN CUSHMAN

Last week the humorist of the House of Representatives passed away. Francis W. Cushman was an interesting figure in the National life at Washington. Vigorous and breezy in manner, lank and angular in appearance, and indifferent to dress, he was not only the House wit, he was a master of some phases of the tariff and was a thoroughgoing debater. He was the tallest, thinnest, and by some considered the homeliest man in Congress. He was an inch and a half taller than Vice-President Fairbanks; his high cheekbones accentuated the thinness of his face; but his homeliness reminded one of the homeliness of Abraham Lincoln. He was born at Brighton, Ohio, forty-two years ago. He got his schooling there, and at Pleasant Plain Academy, Jefferson City. To pay for it, during summer vacations he worked as a water-boy on the railway, and, after he left school, as a railway section hand. When he was sixteen years old, he went to Wyoming, then a Territory, and for five years was successively a cowboy, lumber-jack, and teacher, all the while studying law. He was admitted to the Bar in Nebraska, but afterwards migrated to Tacoma, Washington. When he arrived at Tacoma, he had no capital, but his rise in the law was rapid. He became interested in politics as a Republican, and when the free silver issue arose became a stanch advocate of the gold standard. In 1898 he was elected to Congress, and served continuously from then till his death. He entered Congress as a protester against the oligarchic course of the Speaker and the Committee on Rules, the power of which he quickly appreciated from experience. After describing the course of a bill to the calendar, he asked:

> What does a member do who has obtained that position for a bill in which his constituents are interested? I will tell you what he does: He either consents that the bill may die upon the calendar or he puts his manhood and his individuality in his pocket and goes trotting down that little pathway of personal humiliation that leads to where? To the Speaker's room. . . . No member who introduces a bill can get it considered unless it suits the Speaker. Who is the Speaker? Is he a mortal like the rest of us? Who is the Speaker that sets up his immaculate judgment on every bill that is introduced? When a committee reports a bill, it goes on the calendar. Calendar? It ought to be called a cemetery, for therein lie the whitening bones of legislative hopes. I am not trying to tear down the Republican party, but I should like to put my hand upon the throat of one or two men who conceive that they are the Republican party. We are sitting here unconcerned while the great power of this ancient House is being evaded, belittled, debauched, and destroyed.

In that speech Mr. Cushman explained why he was so thin:

> I have behind me an honest but infuriated constituency—half a million worthy, honest, patriotic people, who are demanding, and rightfully, that I secure certain needed legislation for them. That is the

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pressure on me from the rear. Then, in this House, whenever I try to secure consideration of the matters in which my people are interested I run up against a stone wall that surrounds the Speaker and the Committee on Rules. That is the pressure in front. And I tell you frankly that between the two I have become thinner than a canceled postage stamp.

When Mr. Cushman discussed the Gold Standard Bill, he promised it his vote, saying that—

There would be no greater inconsistency to me in hearing a man talk of bi-yardism, bi-quartism, or bi-bushelism than to hear any one discourse on the beauties of bi-metallism in the sense of using both metals as a standard. . . . In 1896 the Democratic party turned its back on its past promises and furnished the American voters with a brand-new soap-bubble, filled with Nebraska wind, and asked them to chase that off another financial and industrial precipice.

Toward the close of that speech Mr. Cushman said, in referring to Mr. Bryan, that he himself had lived in Nebraska, and knew the Presidential candidate well:

Yes, I know him as well as if I had been through him with a lantern. The trouble with the immortal William Jennings Bryan, and with most of you, is that your arguments are so crooked you cannot walk around the block without meeting yourselves on the other side.

In the course of the debate on the Payne Tariff Bill last spring Mr. Cushman made a speech favoring the retention of the duty on lumber. He likened himself at the moment to a cow-puncher who was about to be lynched for having raised a thousand cattle in a summer with only one cow as a starter:

They asked Bill what he had to say. He rolled his quid in the other cheek, and said: "Well, gentlemen, I s'pose I've got more interest in this performance than any other gent present, but I am the least enthusiastic over the programme."

Such a man is a sign of that vitality which, in spite of decadence here and there, is characteristic of America.

GALLIFET, HERO

An adventurous French soldier of the rollicking d'Artagnan type died last week, and France is the poorer by the loss of one of her most picturesque characters. From the day when he killed his fencing-master in a duel until, half a century later, as Minister of War, he silenced his critics in the Dreyfus affair, General the Marquis de Gallifet was apparently always the hero in whatever enterprise engaged him. His youthful escapades might worry his family, but they were so full of real grit and pluck that rebuke was lost in admiration. At the age of eighteen he entered the army. In the Mexican War a shell ripped him open. The surgeon gave him up as mortally wounded, but Gallifet pulled a small mirror out of his pocket, remarked to himself, "You have not the face of a dead man," and set himself to recover. The wound would have killed most men; but this man's determination saved his life; ever afterwards, however, he had to wear a silver plate as a substitute for a portion of his abdomen. Later he saved the day by leaping on horseback from a bridge and swimming across stream. Napoleon III might have been thinking of this when he said of him: "I believe that he, like Bayard, could easily defend a bridge against all comers." At the battle of Sedan, in the Franco-German War, when the commanding officer of his division fell, Gallifet led such a splendidly impetuous charge as to elicit a cry of praise from old Kaiser Wilhelm himself. When the French Republic was established, it found Gallifet a Royalist by tradition. But he was clear-sighted enough to see exactly what his country needed. He was, perhaps, the very first Royalist to support the Republic. He became Gambetta's stanch friend, and Thiers intrusted to him the military suppression of the Commune. It is related of Gallifet's sternness that he would make each prisoner hold up his hands, and, if they showed powder stains, he would say, "Take the man away and shoot him." Some years ago he subdued the Algerian insurrection, and greatly extended the French domain in Africa. M. Hanotaux, in his interesting "Contemporary France" (Putnam), the fourth volume of which has just appeared, tells us how Gallifet and Gambetta felt that without the best kind of an army France could never be strong and independent, and how they worked to this end. Gallifet had now risen to be the most dashing cavalry officer of his time. His reputation was accentuated by his ready wit and terse comment, evidenced not only in his speeches but also in his reports; one of the latter, after the review of a cavalry

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command, reads, "Men's hair too long; horse's tails too short." Finally, as was appropriate, he became Minister of War. It was in 1899. France was in the throes of the Dreyfus case. It almost seemed as if another revolution were imminent. Gallifet, convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus, set himself to restore the morale of the army, which had severely suffered by the long-drawn-out scandal. He severely disciplined the officers who refused to receive the decision of the court, and summarily removed General de Négrier from the highest command for an alleged incitement to disaffection. Seventy-seven years old, Gallifet passes from the stage. Few men of our time have represented in more striking degree the French virtues of chivalry, sympathy, fraternity, and courage.

SIR FRANCIS CAMPBELL

The birthday honors of the King of England are always interesting, and those of this year are especially so. Journalism is distinguished by the fact that "Toby, M.P."—Mr. Henry W. Lucy—who for many years has been one of the principal powers in making Punch what it is, and Dr. T. Carlaw Martin, an able exponent of Liberalism in Scottish journalism, and now editor of the Dundee Advertiser, have received the honor of knighthood. The stage is recognized in the conferring of knighthood on Mr. A. W. Pinero and Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree. But the knighthood which interests Americans most is that conferred on Dr. Francis J. Campbell, Principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, at Upper Norwood, not far from London. Dr. Campbell, now Sir Francis Campbell, is an American by birth. He is a native of Tennessee. He lost his sight when a child, and attended a school for the blind at Nashville. He determined to make music his chief object. But he was told by his teacher that he had no ear for music, and that his time should be devoted to basket-making instead. The boy, undeterred, hired one of his companions to give him lessons secretly, and practiced whenever he could. Several months afterwards, the music-master, himself blind, not only found young Campbell playing but discovered that he had learned all that the other pupils had been taught. A year later he gained the prize for pianoforte playing. In 1871 Sir Francis met Dr. Armitage, the famous English blind educator, and with his aid was able to put into practice the theories both held as to the education of the blind. They opened the Royal Normal College for the Blind the following year with two pupils. To-day there are nearly two hundred. It is the foremost school for the blind in Great Britain, and under the direction of Sir Francis does its work with such efficiency that of its graduates no less than eighty-nine per cent are self-supporting. The interest of Sir Francis in his pupils by no means ends when they have finished their schooling. He travels to any part of Great Britain where he learns there is a vacancy for an organist, choir-master, or teacher, and his eloquence generally succeeds in convincing doubters of the capabilities of the blind. A principal element in the educational methods followed by Sir Francis is the attention paid to physical training. The Norwood pupils have competed with sighted athletes at the Crystal Palace Exhibitions, and have carried off honors. The Norwood blind swimmers have been awarded prizes for their life-saving drills. Sir Francis himself is an example of physical vigor; he has climbed Mont Blanc. The day when he made the ascent there was a heavy fog, and he said that he, a blind man, was the only one to enjoy the view. He clearly saw it with his mind's eye.

POPULATION AND THE LAND

Dr. Samuel Johnson, when told that Goldsmith was to write the natural history of the earth and its inhabitants, remarked that he would make it as interesting as a Persian tale. Whether even the writer of "The Vicar of Wakefield" could make statistics as fascinating as a Persian tale may be doubted, but the figures recently issued in a report by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor in their revelation of the growth and progress of the United States are more interesting than a fairy tale to a well-informed reader who can see what these figures mean as regards the movement of races and the development of institutions of republican government in the Western

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world. That the United States in less than three centuries has grown from a few straggling colonies along the eastern coast to one of the greatest nations in the world, now numbering more than eighty million people, is a fact of general knowledge and appreciation. To find that of these eighty millions one-third still live in the original thirteen States of the Union is something of a surprise, but it is a mere matter of tabulation. Another third live in the territory ceded by the original thirteen States to the General Government and in which great States one by one grew to maturity and were admitted to the Union. The other third live in the country mainly beyond the Mississippi, in regions unexplored and unregarded for almost half a century during which the Middle West was developing a galaxy of stars for the American flag. And still the story of the growth and progress of the United States is only just reaching the stage from which it will proceed in full development to its climax. Not even all the land has yet been appropriated to the purposes of civilization. Counting Alaska, there are still 754,895,000 acres of unreserved land, practically free to the adventurous man who will claim it and develop it. Candor compels the qualification, however, that as regards its agricultural possibilities the vast area of unappropriated land in Alaska is nearly an unknown quantity. In regard to the immense areas in some of the Western States, also, it must be remembered that but little of it is fit, without irrigation, to become the home of even the hardiest settler. But with the policy of irrigation upon which the Government of the United States has now fully entered, the 61,177,000 acres yet unsettled in Nevada, the 46,532,000 in Montana, the 44,778,000 acres in New Mexico, and the 42,769,000 acres remaining in Arizona may yet in great part be reclaimed from what is now practically a desert and become the home of a vast population. In regard to the semi-arid regions in the West, whose unclaimed acreage has just been enumerated, steps are already being taken by which many millions of these acres will soon be thrown open to profitable agriculture through vast irrigation works constructed by the Government. And even these areas are not the whole asset of the Government in its outlook for the overflow of population in future years. There are many millions of acres now covered by swamps in the older States which will eventually be wrested, like Holland from the sea, to the uses of man. Of these swamp and overflow lands there are in all, as the Government statistics show, about 75,000,000 acres, of which Florida has 18,500,000 and Louisiana has about half that amount. Such areas as the Dismal Swamp in Virginia and the Hackensack Meadows in New Jersey will also eventually be reclaimed, while intensive culture in the older States will greatly increase their capacity to support human life. These figures naturally suggest taking note of the tides of population which have practically already taken possession of all the most desirable "free land" which for more than a century lured immigrants from the Old World. Beginning with 1820, the earliest year for which records were kept, the total number of immigrants into the United States since that time exceeds 26,000,000; while in 1905, 1906, and 1907 more than a million, on the average, came each year. In 1908, owing to the panic and slowing down of industrial progress, there was a decline in this incoming wave of immigration. At present it is significant of returning prosperity that the number of immigrants is again on the increase. The percentage of this foreign increase is also interesting. Thus in 1900, the date of the last census, there were 10,460,000 persons of foreign parentage in the United States, or 13.7 per cent of the total population. In 1890 they formed 14.8 per cent; in 1880, 13.3 per cent; in 1870, 14.4 per cent; in 1860, 13.2 per cent; and in 1850, 9.7 per cent. Since 1850, therefore, the percentage of the foreign-born to the American-born has varied but little. That the American people have been able to absorb this steady influx of other peoples and Americanize them so rapidly is one of the wonders of history. Whether, as a result of this annual increment of the foreign-born, the changes in the fiber of American citizenship has been lowered or increased, unfortunately is not a matter to be ascertained by statistical methods.

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VE ME NEITHER POVERTY NOR RICHES

ı one of Lowell's biting satires he s up to special scorn the smug, conıceless creature who refuses to con- the morality of any question of ıl ethics by remarking that "they 't know everything down in Judee." to be wished that some of those who ch and practice a gospel of mere rialism and greed, and who speak as e heaping up of wealth by the comity or by the individual was in itself ɔe-all and end-all of life, would learn the most widely read and oldest of s that true wisdom which teaches it is well to have neither great povnor great riches. Worst of all is it ave great poverty and great riches by side in constant contrast. Neverss, even this contrast can be accepted en are convinced that the riches are nulated as the result of great service ered to the people as a whole, and if use is regulated in the interest of the e community.

ie movement which has become so g during the past few years to secure ehalf of the Nation both an adequate rvision of and an effective taxation of fortunes, so far as their business use ncerned, is a healthy movement. It to replace sullen discontent, restless imism, and evil preparation for revon, by an aggressive, healthy deterıtion to get to the bottom of our bles and remedy them. To halt in movement, as those blinded men wish care only for the immediate relief n all obstacles which would thwart r getting what is not theirs, would k wide-reaching damage. Such a halt ıld turn away the energies of the rgetic and forceful men who desire to rm matters, from a legitimate object the channel of bitter and destructive ation. The reader of Prince Krokin's Memoirs must be struck by the ıage wrought to Russia by the unwise onents of all reform, who, by opposing ry sensible movement for betterment, ıed the energies of the young men, under happier conditions would have ked for rational betterment, into the channels of a useless and destructive revolutionary movement.

The multi-millionaire is not *per se* a healthy development in this country. If his fortune rests on a basis of wrongdoing, he is a far more dangerous criminal than any of the ordinary types of criminals can possibly be. If his fortune is the result of great service rendered, well and good; he deserves respect and reward for such service—although we must remember to pay our homage to the service itself, and not to the fortune which is the mere reward of the service; but when his fortune is passed on to some one else, who has not rendered the service, then the Nation should impose a heavily graded progressive inheritance tax, a singularly wise and unobjectionable kind of tax. It would be a particularly good thing if the tax bore heaviest on absentees.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE TARIFF JOKER

The little device known as the "joker" has been not unknown in tariff bills before now. It has remained for the Senate, under the leadership of Senator Aldrich and the Finance Committee, to devise a "joker" of astonishing proportions. The "joker" usually consists in an obscure provision in a bill which, when applied, gives an entirely new and unsuspected significance to some other provision apparently plain and simple in meaning. The "joker" is usually applied to a single item. The Aldrich-Senate "joker" applies to the whole Tariff Bill.

For weeks the Senate has been discussing the schedules of a Tariff Bill and the rates of duty on hundreds of commodities contained in those schedules. These rates have been discussed from every possible angle, attacked on the one side as being too high, on the other as being too low, defended as being just right, compared with the rates on the same commodities contained in the Payne Bill passed by the House of Representatives and in the present Dingley Tariff Law. This Tariff Bill was passed by the Senate last week and is offered to the country as the tariff which, if the Senate had its way, would be the tariff of the United States, after the passage of the law by Congress

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and its signature by the President. But here enters the "joker."

Section 2 of the Senate bill declares that after March 31, 1910, "the general tariff of the United States" shall be the rates laid down in the Senate bill *plus a duty of 25 per cent* on each commodity. In other words, the Senate has been talking at great length and vehemently about a set of rates of duty which it proposed as "the general tariff of the United States," while at the same time, by the insertion of the "joker," it was providing that "the general tariff of the United States" should be, not those rates at all, but those rates impartially increased by the addition of a duty of 25 per cent. The Senate has pretended to pass one tariff; it has, in fact, passed quite another and a very much higher one. For instance, the Senate bill on its face imposes on unbleached cotton cloth worth 10 cents a square yard a duty of 3 cents per square yard; the "joker" provides that the duty on this kind of cloth shall be 5½ cents a square yard. The Senate bill on its face provides that the duty on stockings worth $3 a dozen shall be $1.65 per dozen; the "joker" raises this duty to $2.40 a dozen. The Senate bill provides that lumber worth, let us say, $16 a thousand feet shall pay a duty of $1.50 a thousand feet; the "joker" makes this duty $5.50 a thousand feet.

Of course this provision for the higher level is not without qualification. These higher rates are to be "the general tariff of the United States," except with those countries which, in the judgment of the President of the United States, do not unduly discriminate against this country in their own tariff laws and regulations. That is, any country which the President believes treats the exporters of the United States fairly will, when the President so decrees, be entitled to send goods into this country at the lower rates of duty. Those countries which the President believes do unduly discriminate against our exports must pay the higher rates of duty.

This provision is the application of a principle new in American tariffs, but not new in the tariffs of other countries. It is known as the maximum and minimum tariff. This principle is that our tariff shall have two levels of duties; those nations which treat us well in their tariff legislation and administration shall have the lower level applied by us on their exports; those nations which discriminate against us shall in turn pay the higher level of duties.

This principle is, we believe, a logical and just accompaniment of our tariff system. There are two ways of applying it, one contained in the Payne Bill, the other in the Aldrich Bill. The first method provides a threat of higher duties against countries which discriminate against us. The second provides an offer of lower duties to countries which do not discriminate against us. The one method is retaliation, the other conciliation. We believe that the second, the method of conciliation, is as much more effective than the first as it is more in accordance with the polite habits of civilized peoples. In so far we agree with the framers of the Senate bill.

But if this method is to be adopted, it should be expressed in the tariff law plainly, openly, and without equivocation, so that he who runs may read. The rates of the maximum tariff should be straightforwardly written in the tariff law and not hidden in an obscure "joker." The men who have framed the Senate bill may have intended, in creating this doubly high tariff, to let the country know what they were doing; but if so, they have not succeeded.

THE NEW SOUTH

The old South contained in its population three classes: (1) A small landed aristocracy, generally living in the country and engaged in rural pursuits; a class cultivated, refined, in the best sense aristocratic, comparatively wealthy, and owning a majority of the slaves. (2) A class engaged in various forms of industry, professional, mercantile, and other, owning comparatively few slaves, and characterized by every grade of culture, from that of a landed aristocrat to that of the poor whites. (3) The negroes, most of them slaves, who performed nearly all the manual labor and some of the skilled labor. The Civil War, emancipation, and

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construction overthrew this semi-feudal stem. Those negroes who understood d took upon themselves the responsi- lities of freedom have improved in char- ter and have acquired a competence, d in some cases wealth; those negroes 10 did not know the responsibilities of edom, and who imagined that emanci- tion from slavery meant exemption m labor, have degenerated in character, d are neither systematically taken care by others nor able to take care of them- ves. It may be difficult to strike the lance between these two classes, but ie Outlook has no doubt that the bal- ce is overwhelmingly in favor of the gro race; that as a race it is immeas- ably improved, both in character and ndition, since the slavery days. Those om we have called the middle class have ne into a consciousness of their political wer. In some cases their exercise of s power has been disadvantageous to mselves and their section. It always es time for a new-born democracy to derstand either its rights or its duties. t it is evident to the broad student of rent events that negrophobia is a dually lessening force, that the anti- gro extremists are being driven even m politics: Hoke Smith in Georgia is ceeded by Joseph Brown; Vardaman Mississippi by Noel; and in Arkansas erson Davis's candidate for Governor, whom Davis stumped the State, was ten, and Davis's delegates to the nocratic Convention were defeated. e old aristocratic families, in whom od tells, and who were always friendly the negro, are gradually recovering r lost leadership, reinforced by new nents not before belonging to the led aristocracy. What is the sentiment he majority in the South on the race stion it may be difficult to determine. a democratic country majorities fluc- e. But if it is impossible to determine question, it is easy to see in what ction the South is moving, and who the leaders in the movement.

The South is absolutely united in oppo- n to race amalgamation and to any al relations which even distantly tend ard race amalgamation. In this The look believes the South to be abso- y right. The leaders of the South, that is, the new, regenerated South, which has adjusted itself to the accomplished revolution, stands for three other fundamental principles: first, that suffrage is not a natural right, but a prerogative to be exercised by those who have proved themselves possessed of a character competent to its exercise; second, that industrial opportunity is not to be denied to any person, black or white, who is able efficiently to perform the industry; third, that educational advantages are to be given by the State to all, black or white, who are ready and willing to avail themselves of those advantages. The old North does not fully understand this new South, but a better understanding is growing up, in spite of Bourbons in both sections who are unable to forget anything or learn anything, and in spite of journals in both sections which suppress all rational utterances and gleefully give circulation to those which are irrational and sensational.

Of this new South we know of no nobler representative than Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy. An Episcopal clergyman, he some time ago retired, not only from his local parish, but from the ministry, that he might give himself to the work of interpreting, and so developing, the growing sentiment of humanity, justice, and liberty in his own section. He has continued this work with quiet, unpretentious heroism, in spite of opposition from some, misunderstanding from others, and contemptuous ignoring of his efforts by still others, and in spite of ill health, which might well have justified his retiring from the battlefield and seeking the repose of invalidism. But his has not been a voice crying in the wilderness. He has spoken for an increasing constituency. His last book, "The Basis of Ascendancy: A Discussion of Certain Principles Involved in the Development of the Southern States" (Longmans, Green & Co.), is his latest expression, as it is one of the best expressions of the principles and spirit of this new South. All we can hope to do here is to give some intimation of those principles and that spirit, referring the reader who desires to become better acquainted with the new South to the book itself.

Democracy has learned, or is learning, how men of different classes, as laborer

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and capitalist, men of different religious faith, as Roman Catholic, Jew, and Protestant, and men of different nationalities, as German, Italian, Scandinavian, and Irish, can live peaceably together. What it has yet to learn is how two races, each preserving its race integrity, can live peaceably together without the subjugation of the one by the other. "Starting with the fact that the negro is a negro and that his capacities, upon the average, are not the capacities of the white man, what shall be the policy of the State toward such capacities as he has? Shall it be a policy of negation or of development?" In dealing with this problem the student must realize not only that the negro is a negro but also that he is an American. "Just as the negro shares in the uses of every paved street, of every well-constructed country road, of every railway, of every public utility of every sort—facilities chiefly demanded and supported by the commerce and intercourse of the stronger race—so he enters also, however humbly or indirectly, into the heritage of every intellectual and moral asset of the country. If there be freedom of the press; if there be a press fit or unfit to be free; if there be a vital and spiritual religion; if there be books, artists, poets; if there be an historic and responsive language; if there be stable banks, equitable markets, courts accessible and for the most part just; physicians, hospitals, and—by no means least—the kindly interest of the wisest and kindliest of a more highly developed population—these are the negro's." Recognizing the negro and recognizing that he is an American negro, but subjected inevitably to the same environments as the Anglo-Saxon, we must never forget that our first and fundamental duty is, not to this negro as a negro, but to society, including all classes and taking account of the future as well as of the present. "The first duty of the hour is the preservation, not of this or that institutional organization of society, not even of democracy, but of society itself." It was because of the failure to recognize this fundamental truth that the reconstruction policy was so fatal a failure. There is no government of the people where the people are themselves an uneducated, unrestrained mob. "Democracy, as the ignorant masses of our colored population rise to seize it, goes to pieces in their hands." The recent movement in the South for the limitation of the franchise was not inspired by hostility to the negro; it was a movement to protect the entire community, black and white, from the social anarchy involved in putting the scepter of political power into the hand of ignorance and incompetency. This movement does not mean, and must not be allowed to mean, one law for the white man and another law for the negro. He who proposes a programme of such discrimination finds the real obstacle not in the interference of the North, nor in the Fifteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution. "It is in the very nature of things; it is in the bone and being of his country; and, little as he may at first believe it, it is in himself." Any such programme opens another highway to social anarchy. "We are all, upon the average, no safer—so far as our legal status is concerned—than the lowliest of our citizens." "A court which cannot do justice except in relation to a man's race will soon find justice impossible except in relation to a man's wealth, or his party, or his family." Against this kind of social anarchy the new South is in arms. "It is idle to say that the man who thus protests against the madness of some of the forms of our race antagonism is 'silly about the negro;' he is silly—if such concern be silliness—about his State and its welfare." If struggling to save the ballot from degradation, the courts from paralysis, the schools, the industries, the law, and social progress from practical destruction, if this "is to fight for the negro, then there are some of us who wish it to be known that we are fighting for the negro."

The integrity of the race, the preservation of society, the common welfare, can never be secured by a war of the races. We are not to imagine that we can promote the self-respect of one race by weakening the self-respect of the other. We are to develop a race pride and a race ambition in the negro. What has already been accomplished by him and for him affords abundant basis for such race pride and ambition. "The progress of these people during their three hundred years

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upon our soil becomes one of the most astonishing achievements in the history of the Republic. The standard of comparison for the American negro should be the African negro, not the American white man." Nor should the failures of members of the race be made the basis for condemnation of the race itself. "A race which fails is not bankrupt if it be also a race which succeeds." To the careful observer it is evident that the negro leaders appreciate these facts, and that the tendency of the race under their leadership is a tendency toward a strengthening, not a weakening, of race solidarity. It is by encouraging this ambition for race solidarity that the secret of race integrity will be found. "A negro race integrity so founded is the only sort that is really founded anywhere. You cannot found the integrity of one race in the aversions of another race." It is therefore in the education of the negro, not in his ignorance, in his development, not in his repression, that the security for the purity of both races is to be sought. That education will make a breaking up of congestion of negro labor and its distribution in varied markets through varied employments, while white immigration will make a proportionate reduction in the numerical mass of the negro population, and will tend to develop in the stronger race a larger sense of security and a larger sense of discrimination. Thus, education, immigration, and diversification of industry are necessary elements in the solution of the race problem which demands not the exploitation but the help of the weaker race by the stronger.

In attempting this task, the new South will have the aid of the invisible and moral forces of modern society. In the war, "the South, however unwittingly, however heroically, had joined issue with the world." To-day the old South, the opponent to progress and liberty, is equally joining issue with the world. "To talk, in an age like ours, of not educating any particular class of human beings, or of deliberately holding any fraction or race of men at a permanently lower level of industrial or political opportunity, is to talk a language as stale—and as pathetic—as that of the complacent memorial upon the coffin of an Egyptian mummy. We are not bound to assume equalities which do not exist, but we cannot arbitrarily fix the status of inequality from without. The thing cannot be done." The issue in such a conflict between the old and the new is not doubtful. Not by exploiting the negro and making him a hewer of wood and drawer of water for the white man, not by idealizing the negro, by calling the weak strong and the ignorant wise, and putting the responsibility of the government of the State upon men who have not yet learned to govern themselves, will this latest and greatest problem of democracy, the race problem, be solved; but by combining the spirit of reality with the spirit of democracy and making the strong minister to the weak by every means in its power. This, in a sentence, is the policy and this the spirit of the new South as interpreted by Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, if we read his book aright.

A TALK TO GRADUATES

One of the greatest figures of mythology, you remember, was Prometheus, who brought fire from heaven that men of skill and industry might begin their long journey toward truth and power. He was the fire-bringer. Every great or useful man and woman since his time has been a light-bearer; and the rank of a man depends on the clarity and power of the light which shines from him on his fellows and his time. As we look back over the long course of history, we are able to see the way by which we have come because so many men and women have lighted the darkness of ignorance. As you approach a great city, there is first a faint glow on the horizon, then a kindling brightness; then long lines of fire rise into view, and presently the splendor of the city is before you. Looking back from the brightness of to-day, we can trace the waxing light to its far beginnings, as the long lines recede and grow fainter against the darkness. We can see the lamps lighted in the Valley of the Euphrates thousands of years ago; the kindling of the lights in the Valley of the Nile; the glory of the Light of the World as it revealed itself in Judea; the splendor that streamed from Athens across half the globe, across our time,

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shining to the very end of the ages; the powerful ray that fell from Rome; the flaming of the torches at Florence and Venice; the lighting of the lamps at the earliest universities, at Salamanca, Salerno, Bologna, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge. The first intimation of the New World to its discoverer was a faint point of light on its shore; now, from Cambridge, on the Atlantic, to the University of California, at the Golden Gate, the torch of knowledge has passed until there is a line of fire across the continent.

These lights have been kindled with infinite toil and self-denial; they have been fed with sacrifice, aspiration, heroic work, with beautiful and unfailing courage. Many torches have been kindled by them, and in turn have augmented their splendor. This it is which gives the famous schools their hold on the imagination of the world, and makes lesser schools dear to our hearts—they are all homes of light. Every school is a torch from which other torches are to be fired. Generation after generation dips its torches in the fire and goes its way down to the future to make the highway brighter for those who come after.

To-day there are lamps in all our hands; but some are faint and intermittent like the glowworms on a summer night, and others shine like the stars. The great and beautiful spirits have very radiant spirits. Dante was "a spiritual splendor;" and there are many over whose ashes might well be written that greatest of epitaphs which marks the grave of Fichte, in the cemetery at Berlin: "The wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, forever and ever." The prophets, saints, martyrs, poets, and teachers, heroes of science, makers of states, men of genius and character in affairs, helpers of their kind—these are the torch-bearers of the past. You have been lighting and feeding your lamps. Shall they flicker faintly in the wind of destiny, or shall they shine with a steady glow, fanned into a clearer flame by the adverse winds of the world? These lamps in your hands are not to be filled with knowledge alone; they are to be fed by the most precious things of life; and each age pours in its own oil, beaten out of its innermost life as the oil is beaten out of the olive.

Soft and clear shines the lamp of childhood, fed by obedience and joy, the one distilled from the other; for it is out of obedience that joy comes, not, as so many people think to their tragic loss, from doing as one chooses and having one's way. Every joy has its source in obedience. The greatest torch-bearer in the world of the last century was, perhaps, Charles Darwin; the light which he held aloft shone farther and brought more new fields of knowledge into view than any other light held by any other man. Charles Darwin was obedient to his task; a half-invalid, self-denyingly, with the utmost concentration, treading that lonely path of observation, meditation, and study which enabled him at last, feeding his torch with the very substance of his life, to hold it aloft until it became one of the splendid flames of the world. So Father Damien, one of that great company of priests who at the ends of the world are laying down their lives with gladness and joy, feeding the light with sacrifice, gave himself to the service of lepers, to become a leper himself; to whom fame came, as it always comes most beautifully to those who do not seek it. There is not an artist, a statesman, a preacher, or a prophet of our time who has not trod the pathway of obedience.

The lamp of obedience burns low today, and especially in this country. The noble movement toward freedom of the last century which has liberated half the world from political oppression and is fast liberating the other half, has delivered us from slavery to unreal and superstitious ideas of God and nature, and has lifted from the race the shadow of that distorted image of the Infinite Father which rested like a cloud over so many generations. like every great movement, has been carried so far that some of us have come to think that our will is the only law, and have forgotten that noble text of Tennyson's, "Our wills are ours to make them thine."

The old path of obedience and submission for the sake of the higher and finer things is the only pathway to joy. The lawbreakers who put their impulses in place of the will of the Infinite alway

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make ready for some tragedy. Read the modern novel or the drama of the last twenty years, and you will see how the pursuit of happiness without regard to the higher law or to the rights of others always bears its fruit in tragedy! The other day a distinguished and venerable painter, in answer to the question whether he waited for the happy mood, said: "Never. I always keep at work, and when the impulse comes, it finds me ready and obedient." Ready and obedient! How many times it happens that a young man starting out in some profession feels that for the present he will give himself freedom from hard work, but that when the critical moment comes and his hand is on the door of opportunity, then he will make himself ready! A man's hand is never on the door of opportunity unless it is a hand already made strong to push back that door, and enter in and take possession. Opportunity is never used save by the man who is ready and obedient. This is the secret of joy: keep your wills in subjection to the higher will; subject yourselves to the law of self-sacrifice and self-control in order that out of that apprenticeship which we are all serving in this world there may be born that mastery the prophecy of which is on every faculty of man's nature. So far as genius brings out fully its wonderful treasures, it is always by obedience to the laws of health and life. So far as sweetness and strength flower in human character, it is always out of the soil of obedience.

CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY

The phrase "relations between Church and State" has a meaning with respect to Italy very different from its application to the politics of any other country. When Italy became a united kingdom, the Roman Papacy, which, in addition to its spiritual dominion, was the oldest temporal sovereignty in Europe, could not, from the nature of the case, be merged with the other political units into which the Peninsula had been divided. The late Pope Leo XIII, at that time Cardinal Pecci, expressed the feeling of the adherents of the Papacy when he said that the ostensibly purely political movement against the temporal power of the Holy See was also directed against its spiritual authority. But the Italians as a whole, including many devout Catholics, were unalterably convinced that their country could never be firmly united without the Roman States as a part of it and the city of Rome as its capital. There is no room for doubt that Victor Emmanuel II, in taking possession of the Papal States by force of arms, was obeying the call of his people.

Remembering the ancient renown and religious veneration that surrounds the city of the Cæsars and the Popes, considering, too, that many Roman Catholics in Germany and other countries openly urged their governments to reinstate Pius IX by armed intervention, it is clear that the statesmen of the new kingdom had a difficult problem to confront; nor is it easy to see how, in the circumstances, they could have acquitted themselves more wisely. The Law of the Papal Guarantees, establishing relations between the Kingdom of Italy and the Holy See, which was signed by the King May 13, 1871, provides substantially as follows: The person of the Sovereign Pontiff is sacred and inviolable, and he has absolute freedom of communication, both by ambassadors and by the posts and telegraphs, through the Italian kingdom with all parts of the world. Freedom of meeting and secrecy and inviolability of proceedings are secured to Conclaves and Œcumenical Councils. The Pope is guaranteed a perpetual annuity of over $600,000, which is entered every year, free of all tax, in the Great Book of the public debt, in the name of the Holy See. He is left in absolute possession, free of taxation, of the Vatican, Lateran and Chancellery Palaces, and of the Villa of Castel Gondolfo. All forms of government assent to acts of ecclesiastical authority were abolished, except such acts as relate to the bestowal of ecclesiastical property, and to the conferring of major and minor benefices, save those of the city of Rome and of the suburban sees.

Pius IX, the reigning Pontiff at the time of the passing of the law, and his successors, Leo XIII and Pius X, have met these guarantees by simply denying

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the competence of the present Kingdom of Italy. They have steadily refused the annuity, preferring rather to depend for their maintenance on the subscriptions of the faithful throughout the world. The official lists of the higher Roman Catholic clergy, published by the Vatican, restrict the designation Kingdom of Italy to Piedmont and Sardinia. The clergy of Lombardy and Venetia are called Austrian, Tuscany is entered as a Grand Duchy, while the whole of Southern Italy, from Naples down, including Sicily, is referred to as belonging to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, that rotten old Bourbon monarchy, which is now as hopelessly defunct as the kingdom of the Pharaohs. The *Non expedit* of Pius IX forbade loyal Catholics to take part in parliamentary elections, a prohibition which remained in force and was more or less faithfully observed until it was practically though not formally abrogated by an Encyclical of the present Pope in 1905.

Here, then, at least to the outside view, is a deadlock, if there ever was one. Here are two powers living side by side, one of which claims a temporal dominion that was granted by Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, to Pope Sylvester, and denounces the present holder of that dominion as a profane and impious usurper.

Italians are most kind and hospitable to strangers. But they are at the same time secretive in matters that concern themselves personally and politically. Hence one does not at first appreciate that the opposition between Papacy and Kingdom is not absolute and irrevocable. When the alternative was first propounded to them, whether they would be good citizens or good Catholics, many of them decided that the dilemma, though logically exclusive, was not practically so, and that they might be both. For a number of years after the establishment of the capital in Rome, party feeling ran high, and there was no compromise, either political or social. The members of the new Government, Ministers, Deputies, and the like, were ostentatiously hostile to the Papacy, and eagerly assumed the then fashionable religious agnosticism. The old papal nobility, for their part, held proudly aloof from the upstart royal court. But as time went on, and the hopes of the Pope for foreign interference gradually waned, the tightly drawn lines were relaxed.

The purely political situation is complicated in a way that makes a solution even more difficult than it seems. In the first place, prerogatives fifteen hundred years old are not abandoned in a day. The political evils for Italy inherent in the temporal power have long been recognized, and by none more clearly than by Machiavelli, four centuries ago. But it is notoriously hard to make men believe that they ought to relinquish their inherited privileges, and the Roman Curia is no exception to the rule.

Still more, it is very doubtful if even the comfort, ease, or happiness of the Pope's position would be enhanced by his coming to terms with the Kingdom. He would have to be received with royal honors and escorted by a cordon of soldiers every time he left the Vatican, in which case the Government would be responsible for his safety. This is a responsibility not to be undertaken lightly. Rioting against the Pope has ever been a favorite amusement of the Roman populace. Even the most powerful of the mediæval Popes, men like Gregory VII and Innocent III, who made kings and emperors tremble on their thrones, were repeatedly mobbed and driven from the city. Gregory VII (Hildebrand), after he had made Henry IV come barefoot to Canossa, was stabbed and left for dead as he was saying mass in Santa Maria Maggiore, and ended his life in exile. It argues small knowledge of history to read in the present anti-clerical riots a sign of the decay of the Catholic faith in Italy.

It is believed that the authorities of both Quirinal and Vatican are quite content for the present to let things rest as they are. And it is well known that secret negotiations go on between them all the time. A case in point was the recent agreement concerning the transportation of the body of Leo XIII from St. Peter's to the Lateran. And readers of Fogazzaro's "Saint" will remember that an important development in the story turns on the persecution of the

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hero through the agency of the Ministry of the Interior and at the instigation of the Vatican.

What time has in store only time can show. But for the present it should be understood that conditions are not nearly so bad as the appearances indicate. It may safely be predicted that the partisan rancor and hatred of twenty, thirty, and forty years ago is forever gone, and that an incident like the punishment of the priest who gave the last sacraments to Cavour will never be repeated. The friendliness of the present King towards the Church is well known. And Pius X, however reactionary he may be in theology, seems to trouble himself very little about his lost temporalities.

THE SPECTATOR

There is a flavor about a local holiday that is absent from a universal one. All America celebrates the Fourth of July, but only Boston can boast of a Bunker Hill Day. The glorious Fourth, too, suffers frequently from a certain vagueness and lack of a center—for one cannot always be reading the Declaration of Independence to the children and the neighbors—while Bunker Hill Day has a solid stone center thirty feet square and two hundred and twenty-one feet high. Around this center, on the 17th of June, the Hub itself revolves—indeed, it begins the giddy whirl on the evening of the 16th, when, about the hour when the original patriots set to work to throw up their intrenchments, the patriots of to-day commence to set off cannon crackers here, there, and everywhere, keeping it up intermittently through the night, and ringing bells now and then to promote insomnia.

The Spectator, to tell the disgraceful truth, had never even heard of Bunker Hill Day until his visit to Boston last month, when on the evening air those (to him) unseasonable firecrackers began to go off. The astonishment of his Boston host, though politely dissembled, was extreme; and further conversation eliciting the even more humiliating fact that his foot had never pressed the soil of Bunker Hill, the only thing left was to start over to Charlestown next day as soon as breakfast was over. This was somewhat difficult, because the whole population of Boston, in family flocks, seemed to be going over, too—not only the descendants of the Puritans, but the mingled nationalities that have adopted New England, history and all, as their home. Four small Russian Jews, each with a flag, crowded on the car-seat with the Spectator, and an Italian family, clad like the rainbow, were in front. To be a good citizen is in the air of Boston, and these had breathed it in already.

The first procession of the day was in full swing when the Spectator got off near the Monument. There were to be three processions—morning, noon, and night being each provided for, respectively, by a Wild West parade, a military procession, and an electric pageant with floats. The streets were jammed with a holiday crowd, and heads were packed three to a window all along the route as the Indians and cowboys rode by. One enterprising family occupied a one-horse wagon at the street corner. Eight high-backed chairs were ranged in it, and the whole household, with twins, the dog, and a flag, were packed in this *al fresco* proscenium box.

Up the street toward Monument Square, after the procession was over, the crowd streamed. Every house was open, and every one appeared to be going to have company to dinner. On one porch settee, in a row, sat half a dozen G. A. R. veterans, their club-house guarded by two cannons and bearing on its front a cartoon of heroic size, with Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan standing in a group, as if surveying Bunker Hill. Farther on, where some small boys in khaki were letting off cannon crackers, a green old-fashioned garden, with a fountain, had the mystic letters "K. of C." hung across it in a festoon of red, white, and blue Japanese lanterns, and a gigantic oil painting of the landing of Columbus framed in flags adorned the side of the house, which was crowded to bursting, evidently with Knights of Columbus, cheerfully ready for lunch. All up and down the street men were selling the festive toy balloon, with "17 June" on each one in

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large white letters, and every baby-carriage had at least one flag. Above it all, Bunker Hill Monument soared up into the blue, with a flag stuck rakishly on either side of its gray head.

If the men of Bunker Hill, so many seventeenths of June ago, could have seen the crowd that now occupied the historic hill in force, would they have known their own America? It was like a patriotic Pentecost—Jew and Greek, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Hun and Italian and Slav, mixed in among the New Englanders. "People are here from all parts of the world—the day is noted for that," said the Spectator's companion. "Not only the foreign population of Boston, but travelers, seem to have a special fancy for Bunker Hill Day. There are hundreds of thousands of people massed here in Charlestown to-day. It used to be the occasion of a good deal of riot and disorder, but now the police keep it well in hand." The Spectator went inside the Monument Lodge to get his admission ticket to the Monument itself, and wrote his name in the visitors' register. On the page—not a very large one, either—he found the names of those who had signed just before him: one from Aberdeen, Scotland, one from Vancouver, one from Tomahawk, Wisconsin, one from Claremont, South Africa, one from Halifax, and one from Hamburg, among others from New York, St. Louis, and Chicago. Extremely Bostonian and comfortable was the Lodge, with statues of Warren and Prescott, the portrait of Lafayette, the bust of Carnot (a gift from the French President himself in 1891), and a spacious writing-table, with capacious chairs, fresh blotting-paper, and good new pens, while with every postal card bought there a one-cent stamp was given. This alone seemed to the Spectator to show Boston as truly a municipality worth dying for.

Outside, the children, in number like a swarm of bees, climbed and swung on the sketchy platform erected for the speakers of the afternoon, while under it, in the shade, their exhausted parents and guardians reclined and ate peanuts. Two flat stone tablets in the grass marked the "northeast corner of the Redoubt thrown up on the night of the sixteenth of June, 1775," and the "breastwork thrown up on the morning of the seventeenth of June, 1775." It all seemed very real, especially when one looked at the robust bronze figure of William Prescott, in front of the Monument, with a sword in the right hand, and the left hand thrown back in that classic warning, "*Do not fire until you see the whites of their eyes!*" The Spectator remembered that little lonely cannon, up in the citadel at Quebec, that is all the British have to show for Bunker Hill, and wondered afresh why they persistently keep it so far away from home.

Another procession would be due in an hour or two, but the streets around the square were meanwhile given up to feasting, like a kermiss of all the nations. G. Speropoulos, an evident product of the isles of Greece, sold bananas and peanuts side by side with the white and gilt cart of the French Ice-Cream Company. Hot waffles smoked in a dozen places, and strawberries and cherries sold briskly by the box. Ice-cream sandwiches, made of a slab of ice-cream between two sweet wafers, competed favorably with the waffles, while oranges, pineapples, candy, chewing-gum, and lemonade were all in evidence. The grass was dotted with happy groups and couples, all eating; and in the garden on the corner an old resident, in an upholstered armchair set out in the arbor, surveyed the scene in tranquil comfort, too deaf to hear the firecrackers.

The Spectator meant to climb the famous shaft. But, finding a "Guide to the Views from the Top of Bunker Hill Monument," he bought it, and never got any farther. Aeroplanes are coming so soon, what is the use? And the statue of Liberty, in New York Harbor, and the Washington Monument are enough of a record for a good American, anyhow. Besides, the battle was not fought up there, but down on the grass, where grim War stalked that long-age night and day to bring the smiling peace that now gathers the world beneath her flag. It is a good thing, truly, to sit on Bunker Hill on the 17th of June and cultivate the historic sense amid the holiday multitude.

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HE SHORT BALLOT

BY RICHARD S. CHILDS

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But
Every State and every city is constantly at war with it. The brand-new city of Gary begins to grapple with it as soon as there is an election. And the success of the forces of righteousness is always temporary, like sweeping back flooding water with a broom. We say truly, "A reform administration is never re-elected." Good administration is actually abnormal in American cities and States. Maladministration is the normal.

This condition, unique among democracies, indicates the existence of some peculiarity in our system of government as the underlying cause.

Starting at the broad base of our structure, the voters, we notice one unique phenomenon which is so familiar to us that we usually overlook it entirely—that is, our habit of voting blindly. Of course intelligent citizens do not vote without knowing what they are doing. Oh, no! You, Mr. Reader, for instance, you vote intelligently always! Of course you do! But for whom did you vote for Surrogate last time? You don't know? Well, then, whom did you support for State Auditor? For State Treasurer? For Clerk of the Court? For Supreme Court Judge? And who is your Alderman? Who represents your district at the State Capitol? Name, please, *all* the candidates you voted for at the last election. Of course you know the President and the Governor and the Mayor, but there was a long list of minor officers besides. Unless you are active in politics I fear you flunk this examination. If your ballot had by a printer's error omitted the "State Comptroller" entirely, you would probably not have missed it. You ignored nine-tenths of your ballot, voting for those you did know about and casting a straight party ticket for the rest, not because of party loyalty, but because you did not know of anything better to do. You need not feel ashamed of it. Your neighbors all did the same; *my* neighbors did (observe the little census reproduced here!). Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, the "ideal citizen," confessed in a public address recently that he did it too. Philadelphia has even elected imaginary men. It is a typical and universal American attitude. We all vote blindly. The intelligence of the community is not at work on any of the minor offices on the ballot. The average American citizen never casts a completely intelligent vote.

CONFIDENTIAL CENSUS

Do you know the name of the new State Treasurer just elected?.. ...	87% said No
Do you know the name of the present State Treasurer?.....	75% said No
Do you know the name of the new State Assemblyman for this district?.....	70% said No
Do you know the name of the defeated candidate for Assemblyman in this district?.....	80% said No
Do you know the name of the Surrogate of this County?.....	65% said No
Do you know the name of your Alderman?.....	85% said No
Do you know whether your Alderman was one of those who voted against the increase in the Police Force last year?.....	98% said No
Are you in active politics?.....	96% said No

THE INTELLIGENCE (?) OF THE VOTE IN THE MOST INDEPENDENT ASSEMBLY DISTRICT IN BROOKLYN

Data collected immediately after election, 1908

This is not all the fault of the voter. To cast a really intelligent ballot from a mere study of newspapers, campaign literature and speeches is impossible, because practically nothing is ever published about the minor candidates.

The gossip around the local headquarters being too one-sided to be trusted by a casual inquirer, a deep working personal acquaintance with politics, involving years of experience and study, becomes neces-

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sary before a voter who wants to cast a wholly intelligent ballot can obtain the facts.

This is not the fault of the press. In New York City the number of elective offices in State, city, and county to be filled by popular vote in a cycle of four years is nearly five hundred. In Chicago the number is still greater. Philadelphia, although smaller than either city, elects more people than either. No newspaper can give publicity to so many candidates or examine properly into their relative merits.

Plainly the voter is overburdened with more questions than he will answer carefully, for it is certain that the average citizen cannot afford the time to fulfill the unreasonable requirements that are now essential to intelligent voting. The voters at the polls are the foundation of a democracy, and the universal and incurable habit of voting blindly constitutes a huge break in that foundation which is serious enough to account for the toppling of the whole structure.

Let us see, then, if we can trace out a connection between blind voting as a cause and misgovernment as the effect.

No one will deny that if nine-tenths of the citizens refrained from voting on election day, the remaining tenth would govern all. And when practically all vote in nine-tenths ignorance and indifference, about the same delegation of power occurs. A remaining fraction who do give enough time to the subject to cast an intelligent ballot take control. That fraction we call "politicians" in our unique American sense of the word. A politician is a "political specialist." He is one who knows more about the voter's political business than the voter does. He knows, for instance, that the coroner's term will expire in November, and he contributes toward the discussion involved in nominating a successor, whereas the voter hardly knows a coroner is being elected. These politicians come from all classes, and the higher intelligence of the community contributes its full quota. Although they are only a fraction of the electorate, they are a fair average selection, and they would give us exactly the kind of government we all want, if only they could remain free and independent personal units. But the impulse to organize is irresistible. Convenience and efficiency require it, and the "organization" springs up and cements them together. Good men who see the organization go wrong on a nomination continue to stay in and to lend their strength, not bolting until moral conditions become intolerable. Were these men not bound by an organization with its social and other non-political ties, their revolt would be early, easy, and effective, and every bad nomination would receive its separate and proportionate punishment in the alienation of supporters.

The control of such active political organizations will gravitate always toward a low level. The doors must be open to every voter—examination of his civic spirit is impossible—and greed and altruism enter together. Greed has most to gain in a factional dispute, and is least scrupulous in choice of methods. The bad politician carries more weapons than the politician who hampers himself with a code of ethics one degree higher. Consequently corruption finally dominates any machine that is worth dominating, and sinks it lower and lower as worse men displace better, until the limit of public toleration is reached and the machine receives a setback at election. That causes its members to clean up, discredit the men who went too far, and restore a standard high enough to win—which standard immediately begins to sag again, by the operation of the same natural principle.

Reformers in a near-sighted way are constantly endeavoring to maintain pure political organizations and re-elect reform administrations. Suppose, however, that the Citizens' Union of New York, which is at present sincerely bent on improving the condition of politics, should succeed in carrying the city for its tickets several times in succession. After the first election, small political organizations which had aided toward the victory would rush in, clamoring for their share of the plunder. For a term or two the reformers might be able to resist the pressure. Nevertheless the possession of power by their party would attract the grafters;[1] they would find themselves accepting assistance from men who were in politics for what there was in it, men who wanted

[1] Mr. Cutting, the former head of the Union, announced in anticipation of the 1909 municipal election that the Union did not desire a big enrollment, on account of the inevitable contamination it involved.

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to make more use of the power and patronage that lay at hand unutilized; and those men would in time, working within the Union, depose the original heads of the party and substitute "more practical" leaders, until in time the Citizens' Union would itself need reforming.[1]

Theoretically there is always the threat of the minority party which stands ready to take advantage of every lapse; but as there is no debate between minor candidates, no adequate public scrutiny or comparison of personalities, the minority party gets no credit for a superior nomination, and often finds that it can more hopefully afford to cater to its own lowest elements. In fact, it may be only the dominant party which can venture to affront the lowest elements of its membership and nominate the better candidate.

The essence of our complaint against our government is that it represents these easily contaminated political organizations instead of the citizens. Naturally! When practically none but the politicians in his district are aware of his actions or even of his existence, the office-holder who refuses to bow to their will is committing political suicide.

Sometimes the interests of the politician and the people are parallel, but sometimes they are not, and the office-holder is apt to diverge along the path of politics. An appointment is made, partly at least, to strengthen the party, since the appointee has a certain following. A bill is considered, not on its simple merits, but on the issue, "Who is behind it?" "If it is Boss Smith, of Green County, that wants it, whatever his reasons, we must placate him or risk disaffection in that district." So appointments and measures lose their original and proper significance and become mere pawns in a chess game of politics which aims to keep "our side" on top. The office-holders themselves may be upright, bribe-proof men—they usually are, in fact. But their failure to disregard all exigencies of party politics constitutes misrepresentative government, and Boss Smith, of Green County, can privately sell his influence if he chooses, whereby the public is in the end a heavy sufferer.

By the way, every factor in this sequence is a unique American phenomenon! The long ballot with its variegated list of trivial offices is to be seen nowhere but in the United States. The English ballot never covers more than three offices, usually only one. In Canada the ballot is less commonly limited to a single office, but the number is never large, and includes only offices that are of such importance as to attract close scrutiny by the public. To any Englishman or Canadian our long ballot is astonishing and our blind voting appalling. The politicians as a professional class, separate from popular leaders or office-holders, are unknown in other lands, and the very word "politician" has a special meaning of reproach in this country which foreigners do not attach to it. And government of a democracy from behind the scenes by politicians, in endless opposition to government by public opinion, is the final unique American phenomenon in the long ballot's train of consequences.

The blind vote of course does not take in the whole ballot. Certain conspicuous offices engage the attention of all of us. We go to hear the speeches of the candidates for conspicuous offices; those speeches are printed in the daily papers and reviewed in the weeklies; the candidates are the theme of editorials, and we need take no part in politics to be able to vote with knowledge on certain important issues. We would laugh at an attempt to control our vote on any of these questions where we have opinions of our own. With this independent intelligence always at work upon the major nominations, we secure a higher normal level of conditions. Aldermen we elect who do not represent us, and State Legislatures which obey the influences of unseen powers, but we are apt to speak effectively when it comes to the choice of a conspicuous officer like a President, a Governor, or a Mayor. For Mayor, Governor, or President we are sure to secure a presentable figure, always honest and frequently an able and independent champion of the people against the very political interests that nominated him. We are apt to re-elect such men, and the way we sweep aside hostile politicians where the issue is clear shows how powerfully the tide of our American spirit sets toward good government when the

[1] This was exactly what happened to Tammany Hall, which was clean at the beginning.

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intelligence of the community finds a channel—witness Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, Deneen, Folk, and a host of mayors.

Sometimes there is rank misgovernment in a conspicuous office, as when Van Wyck ruled New York City. But, as is rather usual at such times, a reform wave followed, and his party was punished by a defeat at the polls. Since then Tammany has temporarily conceded the conspicuous offices to the people, nominating thereto men of independent character, and even accepting two who had already been nominated by the reformers. It has been content with graft from Borough Presidents, the Aldermen, and its friends in the lower grades of the departments.

Misgovernment is secure only in the minor offices, in the shadowy places where the spot-light of publicity rarely wanders. When the rats venture out of these obscurities into the blazing light, it is to nibble the cake cautiously, and always with timid eyes upon that dread giant, the public, ready to scamper if he stirs. If, growing confident from long immunity, they become too bold and noisy, punishment, clumsy but heavy, suddenly swoops upon them.

And so in those conspicuous offices—those on which we do *not* vote blindly—we secure fairly good government as a normal condition, considering that the organized and skillful opposition which always faces us occupies a position of great strategic advantage in possession of the nominating machinery.

To reduce this idea to a working rule:

In an obscure contest on the blind end of the ballot, merit has little political value; but in the conspicuous contests, where we actually compare man and man, superior merit in a nominee is a definite political asset. Hence, in the case of an obscure nomination, the tendency is automatically downward; but in a conspicuous nomination (where all the voting is intelligent) the tendency is upward.

We cannot hope to raise the political intelligence of our citizenship to a level where it will scrutinize the long ballot and cease to vote blindly on most of it. The mountain will not come to Mahomet; Mahomet then must go to the mountain. We must *shorten the ballot* to a point where the average man will vote intelligently without giving to politics more attention than he does at present. That means making it very short, for if it exceeds by even a little the retentive capacity of the average voter's memory, the "political specialist" is created. A voter could remember the relative merits of probably about five sets of candidates, and could keep that many separate contests clear in his mind, but he would probably begin to vote blindly on more than five. Also we must take all unimportant offices off the ballot, since the electorate will not bother with such trifles whether the ballot be short or not. Why, indeed, should fifty thousand voters all be asked to pause for even a few minutes apiece to study the relative qualifications of Smith and Jones for the petty post of County Surveyor? An intelligent citizen may properly have bigger business!

To be pictorial, let us see how a revised schedule of elections might look if we put into the realm of appointive offices as many as possible of those which we now ignore. All county offices, many city positions, and the tail of the State ticket would thus be disposed of, and the ballots might look somewhat like this (New York State titles):

First Year.	Second Year.	Third Year.	Fourth Year.
President and Vice-President (four years)	Governor (four years)	Congressman (two years)	State Senator (four years)
Congressman (two years)	State Assemblyman (two years)	Mayor (four years)	State Assemblyman (two years)
City Councilman (two years)		City Councilman (two years)	

This is merely organizing the State and city as simply as the Federal Government. There is endless room for discussion on the details, and many other arrangements could be devised. This schedule provides for every office which must be kept within the realm of politics. It provides short ballots which every man would vote intelligently without calling on a political specialist to come and guide his pencil.

On such a short ballot basis the entry of our best men into public life becomes possible. To-day the retired business man, for instance, who is willing to devote his trained mind and proven executive ability to the service of his city finds it difficult to enter public life even as a humble Alderman. He cannot win as an

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independent, for the voters do not distinguish his voice in the political hubbub. He must get his name on the ticket of the dominant party, which can elect him regardless of whether he makes a fierce campaign or remains silent on every issue. In seeking this nomination, direct primaries will help him a little, but in the confusion attending the making of nominations for a multitude of offices he is again unable to attract much attention, and the "machine," swinging its solid blocks of well-drilled voters to the support of some loyal old-time pillar of the "organization," is likely to defeat him despite his manifest superiority of character. His only hopeful resort is to go down into the unfamiliar and uncongenial shaded underworld of ward politics, kowtow to district leaders and captains whose social and business standing is perhaps inferior to his own, and satisfy their queries, "What have you done for the party?" and "What will you do for us?" Such procedure being at least distasteful and probably stultifying, his activities turn toward philanthropies and recreations. The city has thus refused his proffered services, has turned away the man who considered the office as an opening for civic usefulness in favor of one who probably wanted it as a good job.

But if he be conspicuous as an important and almost solitary figure before his prospective constituents, such a candidate can easily get a satisfactory hearing, and his superior merit will be an all-important asset to him. In such a simple situation the "ward politician" has no function. Every ordinary voter is a complete politician too. The party bosslet who prates of "regularity" will find the voter replying with facts regarding the personality and principles of the candidate, and the discussion shifts to a new level. If the politician can win over the voter on that level, well and good. That is leadership, not bossism, and is unobjectionable.

After such an election this conspicuousness will continue, encouraging good behavior in office. The legislator will fear public indignation because his constituents, damning a measure, will also damn him specifically for his part in it. Likewise, if deserving, he can get popular support over the heads of any political coterie whom he ventures to disobey.

Good government is entirely a matter of getting the right men elected. Nothing else is so vital. No City Charter or State Constitution, however ingenious, will make bad men give good government or keep good men from getting good results.

To get the right men is first of all a matter of arranging for the maximum amount of concentrated public scrutiny at the election. It is not superior intelligence in the British electorate that enables it uniformly to elect the best men in town to the City Councils, save in that the individual voter in the ward selects only a single officer at election, and can hardly fail to know just what he is doing. Likewise there cannot be a mysterious virtue in the new plan of governing American cities by small commissions (the success of which in Galveston, Houston, and Des Moines is undeniable) save in that the importance and conspicuousness of the five commissionerships attract so fierce a limelight at election that no unworthy figure who ventures into that blazing circle can hope to conceal his unworthiness from the eyes of even the most careless voter.

The Galveston plan would be better yet if the Commissioners were elected one at a time for long terms in rotation. Then public scrutiny at election would focus still more searchingly on the candidates, and merit would increase still further in value as a political asset.

We must manage somehow to get our eggs into a few baskets—the baskets that we watch! For remember that we are not governed by public opinion, but by public-opinion-as-expressed-through-the-pencil-point-of-the-Average-Voter-in-his-election-booth. And that may be a vastly different thing! Public opinion can only work in broad masses, clumsily. To make a multitude of delicate decisions is beyond its coarse powers. It can't play the tune it has in mind upon our close-stringed political harp, but give it a broad keyboard simple enough for its huge slow hands, and it will thump out the right notes with precision!

There is nothing the matter with Americans. We are by far the most intelligent electorate in the world. We are not indifferent. We do want good government. And we can win back our final freedom on a "short ballot" basis!

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SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE TEMPLE: THE EAR

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Take heed what you hear.—Mark iv. 24.

NEVER did people more need this admonition than we Americans in this beginning of the twentieth century. For we have the defects of our qualities, and indiscriminating curiosity is the defect of an intellectually enterprising people. Our curiosity is omnivorous. Like the babe who puts everything to his mouth to test it, we open our ears to everything: how can we judge if we do not know? All questions interest us.

There are, however, some questions to which there is no answer. A little child the other day asked his teacher, "When was God born?" He was an early metaphysician. There has been and there still is a great deal of useless speculation. It is more important to know what the Ten Commandments mean as adapted to American society to-day than to know the date when they were first given to the world, and a great deal more important than to know what the writer of Exodus meant by saying that they were written on tables of stone by the finger of God. It is much more important to know how to exercise myself so as to "have always a conscience void of offense toward God and toward men" than it is to form a reasonable hypothesis as to the method by which that conscience has been developed from a lower animal instinct. Too large a proportion of our academic instruction is imparting speculation, not knowledge, or a knowledge of speculations that never were of any value and might as well be forgotten.

There are some knowledges that are real and are important to the few but are valueless to the majority. The doctor needs to learn the names and places of all the bones in the body; but the layman does not. If I call him when I am sick, he needs to study my symptoms and understand what is the disease. But the less I study my symptoms and think about my disease the speedier will be the recovery. Expert knowledge is valuable to the expert and dangerous to the inexpert, for "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and inexpert knowledge is little knowledge. Most of us would better leave psychic research to specialists who have time and talent for it. Half-knowledge is often the worst form of ignorance.

There are also some knowledges which are useless and some which are worse than useless. Generally knowledge of gossip is useless, knowledge of vice is vicious. I say *generally*, for gossip is sometimes both true and important, and ignorance of vice is not a protection from vice. In America we are prone to make the exception the rule and the rule the exception; to assume that gossip is valuable because it is interesting and that knowledge of vice is valuable because it is knowledge. A good motto for the editors of our daily press would be this sentence from Thomas à Kempis: "It is wisdom not to believe everything that men say, nor presently to pour into the ears of others the things that we have heard or believed." Many editors assume that we are more interested in gossip than in news, and in crimes and accidents than in achievements. Perhaps they are right. Perhaps our curiosity demands what our conscience and our taste condemn, and the worldly-wise editor pays more attention to the demand than to the condemnation. How the blame for the present condition of much of our daily press is to be divided between the editor and the readers I will not undertake to determine. But it is certain that if the editor does not select our reading as we wish he did, the selection each reader can make for himself. It is not a difficult matter to look through the daily paper and select for our reading what is worth reading. *Take heed what ye read* would be a good danger-signal to print in large type across the front page of every daily paper.

But this danger-signal is also needed in our libraries. It is reported that a few months ago a class of young women in

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one of our colleges signed a protest against a list of fiction which had been prescribed for them to read. Their protest was successful and the list was revised. I sympathize with them. There are books that never ought to have been written; and they ought never to be read. Some knowledge of vice is necessary to a complete education; but familiarity with vice is not. And reading vice in fiction gives not knowledge, but familiarity. If we must acquaint ourselves or our children with the fact that there is vice in the world, as I think we must, let us do it so as to guard them against vice, not so as to attract them to vice; let us not do it romantically. The reading of vicious literature cannot be defended on the ground that it gives information; in fact, it gives misinformation. Says Barrett Wendell in his admirable volume on "The France of To-Day:" "The persistent irregularities of conduct incessant in French literature may most sensibly be regarded as the intellectual counterpart of lives benumbing in their general regularity." If so, the reader of de Maupassant does not get information, he gets misinformation, concerning French life and manners.

Fiction has three functions: entertainment, instruction, inspiration. The story may simply serve to pass an hour. One may read a book as he plays golf—for pleasure. Most of our magazine stories have this useful but not very ambitious purpose. The story may instruct. From Turgenieff or Tolstoy one may get a more vivid picture of Russian society than from Wallace or Leroy-Beaulieu; from "Lorna Doone" a more vivid picture of English life in the seventeenth century than from Green. The so-called problem novel sometimes renders this service. It enables one half the world to know how the other half lives. The story may inspire. It may put before the mind, through the imagination, an ideal of life and character which arouses aspiration and incites to action. If it only arouses aspiration, it is of doubtful value, and may be injurious; if it also incites to action, it is useful. To put before the reader a high ideal that can be realized, and so inspire him to attempt its realization, this is the highest function of works of imagination. If the story entertains and gives false information, it is bad. If it entertains and gives false ideals—that is, ideals that cannot be realized—it is worse. If it entertains and at the same time degrades instead of inspires, if it makes vice attractive and virtue repulsive, if its ideals are not only false but vicious it is a powerful instrument of vice. For we never rise higher than the ideals which we set before ourselves as the aim of our aspirations. What Charles Dickens has said on this subject in his preface to "Oliver Twist" is worth recalling:

> I had read of thieves by scores; seductive fellows (amiable for the most part), faultless in dress, plump in pocket, choice in horseflesh, bold in bearing, fortunate in gallantry, great at a song, a bottle, pack of cards or dice-box, and fit companion for the bravest. But I had never met (except in Hogarth) with the miserable reality. It appeared to me that to draw a knot of such associates in crime as really do exist; to paint them in all their deformity, in all their wretchedness, in all the squalid poverty of their lives; to show them as they really are, forever skulking uneasily through the dirtiest paths of life, with the great, black, ghastly gallows closing up their prospect, turn them where they might; it appeared to me that to do this would be to attempt a something which was greatly needed and which would be a service to society.

The story which depicts vice as anything else than disappointing to the hopes and degrading to the character lies; and acquaintance with lies is not valuable knowledge. It may be necessary for a few experts to know such books; but the less the rest of us know of them the better our education. To read what is not worth reading, in order to gratify either a prurient or an indiscriminating curiosity, does not contribute to culture.

"Take heed what ye read." It is not less important to take heed how we read. Of that I shall speak next week.

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A COSMOPOLITAN COMMUNITY IN CHINA

BY FLORENCE GILBERT

A EUROPEAN community in the East has certain distinctive features which are full of interest for a casual observer as well as for one who shares its life. One is the absence of social strata. The majority of the people in the community have been brought to the East by the same interests, and occupy similar social positions in their various home lands. Another characteristic is the similarity of age. There are no old people and few children over ten in the East. Elderly people, if they have survived the climate at all, are glad to spend the later part of their lives in more congenial surroundings. The children must be sent home to go to school and to escape the dangers, physical and moral, of an Oriental environment. Twenty-five and forty-five might be said to be the age limits, except for the very little children. It is narrowing to hear only the point of view of people of one's own age, and one longs sometimes for that outlook upon life which only age can bring. There was something really pathetic in the affectionate deference paid by the women in a certain place to one who, though only fifty-five, had gray hair and was a grandmother. The community is constantly changing, too. Furloughs are always falling due, people break down in health or are being promoted or transferred, so that from year to year the personnel varies greatly and one has little chance to form lasting friendships. But the most interesting and broadening feature of life in the East is the opportunity one has to know people of many nationalities. A large city anywhere is, of course, a cosmopolitan center, but the people from various lands form smaller cities of their own within the greater one. In the East all the foreigners together equal only the population of a small town, so all are thrown more or less closely together. The cosmopolitan character of the community is its chief charm.

In most, if not all, of the treaty ports in China, the British community is not only the largest, but the most influential. This is due partly to the length of time that the British have been in China, partly to the type of men who come out, and partly to the genius of the race for colonization. The British Consul is likely to be the one of the consular body who is most respected by Chinese and Europeans alike, and the fact that the head of the Imperial Customs Service, in which many foreigners of all nationalities hold positions, has for so long been an Englishman, Sir Robert Hart, gives added prestige. The largest banks—the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, and the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation —are both British, though a Russian, a German, a French, and a Japanese bank have their agencies in the various ports, and the only good general stores outside of Shanghai are the branches of two English firms. Long-established British missionary bodies have their representatives, too, who are valuable members of the community. The company who gather to celebrate King Edward's birthday is made up of Britishers of a good many different kinds—Scotch, English, Irish, Canadians, and Australians—but the German community is more homogeneous and more closely bound together. It is likely to resent what it considers British aggressiveness, and to cherish its own dignity with jealous care. The Russian community, which is a large one in any port where tea is extensively handled, is self-sufficient and unique, but ready to join in amusements or interests that affect the Europeans as a whole. The French colony, too, is a considerable one, but one must group with it the Italians, Belgians, Swiss, Austrians, and other Continentals before its influence would rank with that of the nationalities already mentioned. Outside of Shanghai, Americans are not numerous enough or sufficiently representative of the Nation to have much influence in the communities. Some of our missionaries are a fine type of people, and

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certain business firms are widely known and respected, notably the Standard Oil Company, which, however, numbers among its agents in China more Englishmen than Americans. The Japanese form a large element in the cosmopolitan community as far as numbers go, but socially they count for nothing, as the Consul and his wife are practically the only Japanese who are invited by Europeans to their homes.

There are no more picturesque foreigners in China, and none, it may safely be said, whom the Chinese more heartily dislike, than the Sikhs, those handsome, stalwart men from North India, who rank with the Gurkhas as the bravest and most loyal soldiers in the native army. Most of them are policemen, chiefly in the British concessions, but many, hearing of the good wages paid, have come over to find employment as watchmen, messengers, and in similar positions of trust. A bad Sikh, which usually means one who drinks, is quarrelsome and generally worthless; but a good Sikh is as fine a specimen of an Oriental as can be found. Their courage, their knowledge of the Oriental nature, such as no European can hope to acquire, though he spend a lifetime in the East, and their unquestioning loyalty to the white man, all are qualities which make them excellent go-betweens in certain relations for the Europeans and the Chinese. There is apparently no form of exercise which a Sikh policeman more keenly enjoys than swinging a Chinese coolie around by his queue. A white man in China who has ever lived in India, and who knows even a few words of Hindustani, can depend on a friendship from the Sikhs which is really touching in its intensity, and which expresses itself in frequent gifts not only of curry but of other more costly things. The Sikhs in Shanghai are numerous enough to have built a temple at considerable expense, and in smaller ports they have one room fitted up for their worship, into which even the friendliest foreigner is allowed to do no more than look, and outside whose threshold every Sikh removes his shoes. A few of the Sikhs have brought their wives and babies to China, but the majority of them are lonely, homesick men, and not a few contract tuberculosis and go home to die.

A community made up of more than a dozen different nationalities might seem to offer a field for Esperanto, but there is no doubt in the East as to what is the universal language to-day. Not only does every ambitious young Indian, Chinaman, and Japanese count a knowledge of English a part of his education, but the foreigners in China who could not speak English before they came seem to take it for granted that they must learn it, now that they are there. One reason for this, no doubt, is the fact that English people are so much poorer linguists than Continentals, and the Americans make a worse showing still, so that people of other nationalities must learn English or not be understood. The best linguist whom I knew in China was a Sicilian, whose English was perfect in both accent and idiom, and of whose French and German competent judges said the same; the next was an Italian countess; and the third was the daughter of a Scotch university professor. I have heard an Italian and a Russian lady, both of whom could speak French, struggling to carry on a conversation in English, blissfully unconscious that many of the expressions they were using were simply "pidgin English," that absurd jargon used by Europeans in the East in talking with servants and tradespeople. Let an adult European pick up "pidgin," and think he is speaking English, if he will. No great harm is done. But it is a different matter when the children of English-speaking parents learn their mother-tongue from Chinese *amahs*, as their nurses are called. What a foundation for future culture it is for an American child who wants two crackers to say, "My wantchee two piecee biscuit." An American friend who was visiting me was speaking one day of her own three-year-old little girl to an English lady, and saying how much she enjoyed being read to, and our caller replied, "It is no pleasure reading to my little Elizabeth, aged four, for everything has to be translated into 'pidgin.'" Such a child is being robbed of a birthright. The child of missionary parents in a small inland station has a better chance, for she learns nothing but Chinese from her *amah*, and gets her English pure from her parents.

English social customs, too, largely prevail when the different nationalities meet,

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though the members of each community keep to their own customs among themselves, and certain common usages have grown up suited to the conditions of life in China. One of these is the matter of first calls. Very often the gentleman precedes his wife and family to the port, and in this case he is supposed to call on the ladies whom he would like his wife to know. These ladies return the call as soon as possible after the latter arrives, and in that way she is introduced to the society of the place. When a husband and wife come together, the old residents call on the newcomer without waiting for any previous formality—a much more friendly custom than that which, in some places in India, demands of the newcomer that she make all the first calls and introduce herself. The first call in China received, and returned, as it is expected to be, within a week, the next step is an invitation to dinner. Dinners are the principal form of entertainment, and one who remembers long, dreary hours of them wonders if the word is well applied. The giving of an elaborate dinner is a simple matter if one has a competent "boy" and does not wish to concern one's self with details, for all that is really necessary is to tell the boy how many guests are coming and to say that a "number one" dinner is wanted. He will do the rest. He and the cook will plan the menu, he will supply any deficiencies in china or cutlery by borrowing right and left from the neighbors, he will decorate the table with an astonishing array of flowers, colored silks, and candlesticks, he will have the gardener prepare buttonhole bouquets, he will forget nothing. This is very convenient for bachelors, but most women prefer to know a little more about the arrangements before they meet their guests, and sometimes it is a struggle to convince the boy that his ideas are not superior to one's own. The formal dinner consists of a large number of courses, mostly of meat, followed often by a heavy pudding, without even a salad for relief. Continental opinions so far prevail that practically every one serves wine, even though the host and hostess may leave their glasses unfilled, and liqueurs are passed with the coffee to the ladies after they have returned to the drawing-room. Often after the gentlemen come back there is no music or any other entertainment, only more of the conversation which has dragged through dinner, and in due time the guests find their victorias or private 'rickshas—the two vehicles most used—and make their way home, with the prospect of having a similar company at their own homes in the near future. Luncheon—or, as they would be called in the East, tiffin—parties are similar functions, but are much less frequently given. Afternoon tea offers the simplest form of hospitality, and it is in this way that the ladies most often get together. Many ladies have formal days at home once or twice a month, others invite congenial little groups for special occasions, and practically all serve tea to any caller. The topics of conversation at afternoon tea are very limited, the chief one being the shortcomings of the amah. People discuss one another's affairs with as much freedom and curiosity as could be possible in any gossipy small town, and one often learns surprising news about one's self.

The social life out of doors is more wholesome, combined as it is with some form of exercise. The center of this is found in the grounds of the Race Club, which, besides the track for the races, of which more later, contains tennis courts, golf links, and a bowling green. Tennis is the most popular game, and is played through the spring and summer as far as the weather will allow. A tennis tournament, with singles and doubles for both men and women and with mixed doubles, stimulates the interest in this form of the exercise which is so important for one's health in the East; and in the winter a golf tournament is held. Tennis parties in private gardens are a favorite kind of entertainment in the spring. Through the winter ladies are given on Saturday afternoons the use of the bowling alleys in the English Club, so called from the nationality of the majority of its members, though there is no race limit, and many who are members of the German, French, or Russian Clubs belong to it as well. Some seasons Saturday bowling parties, followed by afternoon tea, are quite the fad, and other winters none of the ladies bowl.

But the chief interest in sport in China centers in the ponies—sturdy beasts about

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fourteen hands high, capital for cross-country riding, and capable of development into fairly good racing ponies. They are brought down from Mongolia by dealers every spring and fall. The initial cost, as well as the expense of keeping these ponies, is so small that practically every one has one or more, and the *mafoo*, or groom, swells the roll of the household. Cross-country paper hunts are often held, and any one who knows enough about horse-flesh to break and drive his own ponies can get a good deal of pleasure out of driving, though he is restricted to the streets in the settlement, roads in the open country in China being as rare as the proverbial snakes in Ireland. All this about the China pony is really preliminary to an account of the races, for the spring and autumn race meetings are the chief events in both the social and athletic life of the cosmopolitan community. Several weeks beforehand the training begins, and every morning at daybreak a group of men and a few enthusiastic women meet at the Race Club for the coffee and rolls which precede the serious business of the hour. There are no professional jockeys, every one riding either his own or a friend's pony, and there is the keenest interest in the progress made from day to day. So many attend the training regularly that when the races come off the spectators know a good deal about the merits of the ponies. The scene at the Race Club during the three days of the races is full of life and color and charm. It is the semi-annual fashion display, for every one wears her new clothes—if possible, something "sent out from home," if not that, a purchase in one of the excellent shops in Shanghai, or perhaps a creation of the wearer's brain and a local Chinaman's fingers. The dresses are further adorned with a brave showing of ribbon favors, which carry out the distinctive colors of each stable. It is more like a Country Club gathering than anything that most people associate with races in this country. Tiffin is served at the Club each day, and the winners are often called upon for speeches. There are cups which have been presented by residents of various nationalities, individually or in groups, and always a Ladies' Purse, made up by subscriptions from the ladies of the community, with the giving and receiving of which certain pretty ceremonies are connected. Most people bet on the races, but the betting is of the mild type known as Paris-Mutuel, and there is a fair-sized minority to prove that it is possible to enjoy the races without betting at all. One section of the ground is roped off for Chinese spectators, among whom are a few richly dressed Chinamen and their wives, whose clothes make contrasting bits of color in the mass of blue cotton which is the dress of the rank and file. There is a further contrast in the turbans—red, yellow, salmon-pink, and white—of the Sikhs, policemen and others, who also watch the races from a place set apart for them.

The Sikhs take even more interest in the races of the "off-day," as the Saturday afternoon of race week is called, for on that day there is a special race for Sikhs. There is one, too, for *mafoos*—the Chinese grooms—and several consolation races. But the most popular feature of the off-day is the sailors' race, open to the sailors of any gunboats that are in port. Often the riders are barely able to mount their ponies, and all sorts of tumbles and amusing things take place, though occasionally there is a British seaman who rides in a fashion that betrays an early training as a groom. One feature that makes the off-day more enjoyable than the regular races is the presence of the children of the community, which is not possible on the other days, when *amahs* are not allowed within the inclosure.

Not only at the races do the gunboats in port add interest to the life of the community. They are one of its most distinctive and picturesque features the year through, and are the link with the home life and civilization which sometimes seem so far away. The port is never left without at least one gunboat, a silent reminder to the Chinese of the power of those foreign governments which are behind the white men living among them, and sometimes there are eight or ten. One who has had the experience does not soon forget hearing the strains of the Austrian national anthem—associated in America with a well-known hymn—come floating over the water as the band of the Austrian cruiser plays at sundown, or seeing

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an Italian cruiser brilliantly illuminated on the night of the King's birthday. Every consul entertains more or less elaborately in honor of his sovereign's birthday—the American consul on the Fourth of July—and all the gunboats in port are dressed with flags on every national day. Christmas is celebrated by all nationalities, and for several days there is a succession of children's parties, given not only by the little people's parents, but by bachelors and childless people as well. From all these parties they bear away so many presents and goodies that they are almost surfeited, and when the festivities are about over the Russian Christmas comes, and that means several more parties.

The social life of the community is at a standstill during the summer, or, as it is generally called, "the hot weather," for the reason that practically all the ladies and children go away. The few women without children who prefer to remain to keep their husbands company and to guard them against the perils which lurk in every mouthful of food and drop of water at this season are too enervated by the trying days and still more exhausting nights to care for any sort of gayety. North China residents go to various places on the seacoast, but for Central China the principal resort is Kuling. To reach there, one leaves at Kiukiang the river steamers which ply on the Yangtsze between Shanghai and Hankow, and is carried in a sedan-chair across the rice-fields of the plain and up the mountain-side, to an elevation of three thousand five hundred feet above sea-level. The hills are barren of trees, but their outlines are restful after the monotony of the plains; the pure air seems positively heavenly after the indescribable smells below, and nights cool enough to make a blanket necessary are a delight that one had almost forgotten. The way the color comes back into the children's cheeks after a few days is a pleasure to watch, and one is ready to believe what some of the older missionaries tell one, that if there had been a place like Kuling to come to in their earlier days in China there would not be so many little graves in the cemeteries in the plains. Kuling has a social life of its own, simpler than the winter life in the ports, and influenced by the fact that missionary families are in the majority in the community. There is a tennis tournament, which is the center of interest for a good many days, there are informal dinners, and many picnics and out-of-door tea parties, and two or three times during the summer there is a concert, which is a feast indeed to those who come from stations so small that they can never hear any music.

But this music famine is not confined to the small places in the interior. Even in a cosmopolitan community as large as the one which has formed the main subject of this article the chances to hear any good music are pitifully few. Two or three times during the winter there may be a concert, usually under the auspices of the German community, given by some singer, pianist, or violinist from Shanghai who can hardly be called a genius, and very rarely one can hear some group of European singers who are touring the East. Whatever talent there may be in the community has frequent demands made upon it, but it is not likely to be of a very high order. The music lover is starved in the East. One woman, who attended her first service in the Shanghai Cathedral after living three years in an up-river port, says that at the first notes of the pipe-organ she could hardly keep back her tears.

Not only in the matter of music, but in everything that contributes to the higher part of one's nature, the life in the East is lacking. There is no intellectual stimulus whatever. In the English Club there is a library to which the members of the club and their families have access, but it contains little but fiction, and that of a type which one can readily believe has lain unsold on English shelves when one hears that the purchases for the library are in the hands of a man who simply sends to a London bookseller for so many dollars' worth of books a month. For one's reading one must depend on the books brought out by one's self and one's friends, and the magazines, which make the arrival of home mail such a delight. The English and the Germans each have an amateur dramatic society; these give one performance apiece each year, greatly enjoyed by the whole community, but the kind of play selected would rank it as a

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social rather than an intellectual interest. Such a thing as a literary club among the ladies is unheard of, and, except for a few enthusiasts, enters into no one's dreams. There are several reasons for this. The chief explanation of it, as of many other phenomena in the life in the East, lies in the climate. Even a year in Central China robs most women of all their ambition. Another reason is the great diversity of interests, of training, and of point of view which one feels the moment one gets below the surface. A further difficulty would be found in the language. A vocabulary ample for conversation about servants would be woefully inadequate when it came to a discussion of Carlyle.

The religious life is equally neglected. The missionaries and the community people do not know as much of one another as would be good for both, and the former naturally feel that their first duty is to the Chinese. In most places the service of the Church of England is regularly held, and in the larger ports there is a building erected for the purpose. Where there is a Russian community large enough to support it, there is a Greek Church, which celebrates the Christian festivals according to the Eastern calendar; and the Roman Catholic missionaries hold services for the Europeans of their faith in the building used by their Chinese converts. In the English Church, the largely feminine congregation is more than doubled on Christmas and Easter Day by the presence of men who never come to church at any other time. One who knows much of the life of European men in the treaty ports must feel that Kipling's often-quoted lines about there being no Ten Commandments east of Suez are not far from the truth. Life in China seems to be demoralizing for the foreigner, not only physically, but in every other way; the deprivations are many, and one questions very much whether, in the case of any one but the missionary, who has his unselfish motives for a constant stimulus and support, the price is not too great to pay for the undoubted privilege of life in a foreign land.

A SERVANT OF HUMANITY

BY GEORGE HODGES

IF Dr. Howe had been contemporary with Richard of the Lion Heart, he would have fought in the Crusades. He would have called out the knights of the neighborhood, and they would have followed him to the Holy Land. And Walter Scott would have written his story in "The Talisman." Whittier, glorifying a single incident in Dr. Howe's chivalrous and adventurous life, made him equal with the romantic heroes of the old time:

> "One man, at least, I know
> Who might wear the crest of Bayard,
> Or Sidney's plume of snow."

Dr. Howe could have put on the star of a Chevalier of the Greek Legion of Honor and have worn it in the streets of Boston without absurdity. He had the star, but Mrs. Richards says that she never saw him wear it. He kept it in a drawer with other shining trinkets, and let the children play with it. This, too, was characteristic of him, for he was as unconventional and as modest as he was brave. Coming to the end of the two noble volumes [1] in which Mrs. Richards has told the story of her father's achievements, one remembers Sir Ector's eulogy of Sir Launcelot in the last chapter of the "Morte d'Arthur:" "Ah, Launcelot, he said, thou were head of all Christian knights. And now I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest that were never matched of earthly knight's hand; and thou were the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever be-

[1] Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe. Edited by his Daughter, Laura E. Richards. Vol. I. The Greek Revolution. Vol. II. The Servant of Humanity. Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

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strode horse; and were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou were the goodliest person ever came among the press of knights; and thou were the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies: and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."

Sir Philip Sidney, giving some good advice to youth, said, "Whenever you hear of a good war, go to it." The first good war of which young Howe heard was the Greek Revolution. Up to that time his most remarkable adventure had consisted in conveying the President's horse to the fourth story of one of the college buildings of Brown University. It is remembered, however, that many years after, when Dr. Howe, revisiting Providence at Commencement time, went to call upon the President, then in his old age and living in retirement, the venerable man was visibly alarmed. "I declare, Howe," he cried, "I'm afraid of you, now! I'm afraid there will be a torpedo under my chair before I know it!" But now the Greeks were fighting to free themselves from the tyranny of the Turks, and Byron was writing verses about it and setting an example of romantic daring, and the heart of young Howe in Boston was set on fire. He had taken his degree at Brown, and to this had added, in 1824, a medical degree at Harvard. He was a young doctor waiting for patients when the great news came from Greece. He resolved to offer his medical services to the Greeks.

Mrs. Richards's first volume is occupied almost entirely with the letters and journals which describe this period of Dr. Howe's career. Happily, he wrote long, detailed, picturesque, and interesting letters, and kept an unfailing record of his proceedings in his journals. These excellent habits have made it possible for his daughter not only to put on record what he did, but to bring us into intimate acquaintance with him in the act of doing it. Dr. Howe himself speaks in these pages. The man is revealed as he manifested himself to his near friends. His enthusiasm, his complete devotion, his forgetfulness of himself in his ministry to others, his cheerful endurance of hardships, his quickness of decision and of action, his disregard of danger, his singular gifts of leadership, illuminate the history of the Greek War of Independence. Some of the young heroes who went out from England to fight the Greeks were more distinguished for romantic enthusiasm than for sound sense. Dr. Howe kept not only his courage but his temper, his patience, and his practical judgment. He ministered to the sick, fought in the ranks, distributed American supplies to the destitute, employed several hundred men in repairing the port of Ægina, established a colony at Corinth, and when the war was over wrote a book about it.

It was of a piece with the noble life of Dr. Howe that on his return from Greece he passed through Paris just at the moment of the Revolution of the "Three Days," which enthroned Louis Philippe. He had an extraordinary habit of adventure, and a way of being in the immediate neighborhood of where things were happening. "I know it was none of my business," he said of the Revolution, "but I could not help joining in." Indeed, it was only the personal admonition of Lafayette which restrained him from joining in seriously. "This is *our* battle, young man," said Lafayette; "reserve yourself for the needs of your own country."

It was also in the course of nature that when Dr. Howe presently returned to Europe, seeking information about schools for the blind, he should become involved in the Polish Revolution. General Lafayette, hearing that he purposed visiting institutions in Berlin, asked him to go a little farther, to the Vistula, to carry money raised in America for food and clothing for Polish refugees along the banks of that river. On his way back from this hazardous enterprise, he noticed, as he rode through the wastes of Prussian Poland, that two horsemen followed him. Arrived in Berlin, he was visited at once by the police and thrust into prison. Happily, he had just time to conceal some dangerous papers within a plaster bust of the King of Prussia—"the first time that head had ever received any ideas of liberty, equality, fraternity!" Five weeks he lay in prison, and was then given into the

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charge of two officers in a post-wagon and roughly conveyed to France. He had been compelled to pay the jailer for his board. "Years afterward, when the King of Prussia gave him a gold medal for his philanthropic achievements in teaching the blind, Dr. Howe had the curiosity to weigh it, and found that its value in money was equal to the sum which he had paid the Prussian Government for his prison board and lodging in 1832."

That spirit of adventure, and luck of getting into it and out again, which in a different century would have made Dr. Howe a crusader or a navigator, and sent him in quest of the Holy Grail or of the Northwest Passage, made him a philanthropist. It is highly characteristic of the time and of the town in which he lived that he should have thus devoted himself to the service of humanity. The good wars in which thenceforth he fought were on behalf of the neglected or oppressed classes. And in these undertakings he found himself supported by the sympathy and the substantial assistance of his fellow-citizens. He was a leader in these good works and an inventor of new methods of social usefulness; but he was at the same time borne along by great, general impulses, mysterious and potent as the summons of the migrating birds. The thing was in the air. The Reform Bill of 1832 was only one document in a social reformation which was attacking abuses in England and on the Continent as well as in America. Dr. Howe embodied the aspirations of multitudes of good people. His biography is thus the interpretation of an era. It is an open window into the nineteenth century, as the life of St. Bernard of Clairvaux discloses the eleventh century and the life of St. Francis the thirteenth. Here, in these books, is the United States before the war in its best aspirations and its practical achievement of them. When Samuel Gridley Howe, and Horace Mann, and Theodore Parker, and Charles Sumner write one to another, as they do at length in this second volume, they express the thoughts of men's hearts at their best. Dr. Howe called Sumner "My dear Charlie." One can hardly imagine it. It is like being familiar with George Washington.

The mere list of the benevolent enterprises in which Dr. Howe was a pioneer or a fellow-laborer is a summary of astonishing activities. He established the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, began it by taking blind children into his own house, invented, or greatly improved the invention, of printing in tangible letters, having with his own hand gummed twine on cardboard to make letters for the fingers of the blind, raised the money for the school, constructed the building, managed the institution, went about the whole country addressing legislatures on the education of the blind, getting other schools started; taught Laura Bridgman, not only blind but deaf and dumb, how to be a happy, educated, and useful member of society. As a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts he presented Miss Dix's memorial on the condition of insane patients in the jails and almshouses of that Commonwealth. He and Horace Mann introduced the teaching of articulation to deaf-mutes. Together they started a Common School Controversy which waked up drowsy Boards of Education. He took part in the movement to reform the prisons. He laid down the principle that "viciously disposed youth should not be brought together, but put far asunder." He began the education of the feeble-minded, for whom at that time nothing whatever had been done in this country, and started a great school for that purpose, and persuaded other States to follow in this respect the example of Massachusetts.

In all this he labored in the spirit of Him who spoke in His great love and pity of "the least of these." His call to the community, as one says, was "Man overboard!" He said, "There floats not upon the stream of life any wreck of humanity so utterly shattered and crippled that its signals of distress should not challenge attention and command assistance." He belonged to the Church, divinely established and praised of God, whose members show their faith by their works. He prayed, he said, with his hands and feet. He prayed also in ways more conventional, conducting religious services for the blind. He had an instinctive appreciation of the devotional side of religion, and was sensitive to the presence or

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absence of it. When his children began to go to church, he transferred his family from the ministrations of Theodore Parker to those of James Freeman Clarke, because Parker's congregation read newspapers in church while they waited for the beginning of the service, and came in and went out as they pleased—though he himself wrote once to Parker, "I have been in to hear you, but did not like what you were saying well enough to stay more than a quarter of an hour in a thorough draught, which I liked still less than your wind." He was a very discriminating and frank auditor, and expressed his likes and dislikes in good, plain sentences for which so honest a man as Parker must have been grateful. "Is there not something of what the Turks call Bosh about this?" "Did you not go to the wrong barrel this morning?" "Come! come! be a little less conscientiously and intellectually charitable and more emotionally and heartily so." "Go to, T. P.!" But when, during Parker's illness, Emerson was in the pulpit, with a lecture instead of a sermon, and "no Bible, no prayer, no praise," Dr. Howe was sad indeed. "I not only cling," he said, "to the belief that man has an innate religious disposition, but hold that this disposition leads him to forms and ceremonies, just as naturally as other dispositions lead to covering and ornamentation of the body." But his was an unconventional religion, at which some proper and nervous persons looked askance. When they had family "plays" at Green Place, and Dr. Howe, in a black beaver bonnet, enacted the part of the Great Big Huge Bear, that was the kind of party which he described as "a good occasion—a religious occasion!"

Of course the anti-slavery discussion engaged the sympathies of Dr. Howe. His friend Charles Sumner went to the Senate. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill opened future Territories to slavery. The Free Soil party contended for the liberty of Kansas, and Massachusetts colonies went to settle there. Dr. Howe himself went out to examine the situation, and came back to raise money to send men and arms. John Brown captured Harper's Ferry—"heroic old John Brown," Dr. Howe called him—and his soul went marching on. Fugitive slaves appeared in Boston, and some of them were sent back to their masters, to Dr. Howe's deep indignation. And after this "tuning of the instruments"—to use Mrs. Howe's picturesque phrase—came the full music of the Civil War. Dr. Howe was now too old for soldiering, but he served in the Sanitary Commission, of which he was one of the original members, and visited battlefields, hospitals, and prisons.

In the midst of these labors he urged the organization of a Board of State Charities of Massachusetts, of which he was for many years the Chairman. Here he earnestly advocated the idea, then new, of abolishing the huge asylums and substituting for them the care of the defective and the destitute in groups or families.

At the age of sixty-five he aroused public interest in the Cretan Insurrection, gathered supplies to aid the Cretans in their fight against the Turks, and went himself to superintend their distribution. Thus the last great work of his life, like the first, took him far afield, showed his chivalry and courage, employed his singular administrative gifts, and made him the benefactor of a distressed people.

Such a life as this, so filled with varied interest, crowded with adventure, consecrated to the loftiest ideals, and crowned with the best success, is worth recording in two stout volumes. Mrs. Richards writes with deep reverence and strong affection, but never with excess of adulation. Dr. Howe hated to be praised. One enthusiastic woman, overcome by grateful emotion, threw her arms about him and embraced him. "My dear," said she afterwards to Mrs. Howe, "I might as well have hugged the door!" He was ever eminently strong, sensible, and virile. Thus he stands in this book—the man who said, "Obstacles are things to be overcome," and acted upon the saying every day he lived

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WHAT COLLEGE STUDENTS READ

BY D. H. STEVENS

THE following figures, obtained in one of the larger universities of the Middle West, reveal some interesting facts. The college man has always been subject to investigation. His courses of study have been varied infinitely; his social and moral habits are of deep interest to many; and there is much discussion concerning his value to the world at large. This particular inquiry sought to discover how much interest college students have in current events, and what class of reading matter they find most interesting. There seems, too, to be some idea that students are too busy with their text-books to read anything further. This supposition, however, is not supported by the facts in this case, as nearly all of the number are doing much reading that is wholly apart from their college duties. As yet it is certain that the requirements of university professors are not so heavy as wholly to absorb the college man's time. College life is not now, and probably never will be, all work.

In attempting to discover what class of reading is common among college students, a group of under-classmen were asked to answer the following questions: First, whether or not they habitually read any daily paper; second, whether they read any weekly; third, what books of fiction they had read during the past six months; and, fourth, what books aside from novels had been read during the same period. All of this reading was to be apart from the requirements of any college class. The group included about the same number of men as of women, and eighty-eight replies were received. It is believed that all of the papers were carefully and honestly prepared.

Thirty-five per cent of the number, that is, thirty of the eighty-eight students, habitually read no daily papers. This may seem to the casual reader to be an astonishing fact; but it is one well known among teachers. College men and women are not careful readers of the dailies. The men read the headings, a little political news, and all of the sporting sheet; a very few of them keep well informed of the important events of the world as they occur. Most college women read the dailies even less than the men, and in this particular group about one-half of the number do not read them at all. "Yellow" journalism was poorly represented in the lists, as but three of the eighty-eight students confessed a liking for a paper of the "blood-and-thunder" variety. Nearly all of the papers named are clean sheets, and the majority of them are non-partisan in politics.

The interest in weekly papers was found to be more lively than in newspapers. Twenty students are not regular readers of any weekly; but many of these read them occasionally. On the other hand, many of the entire number read two or three weekly journals, and all of this reading seems to have been done with thoroughness. Three students are habitual readers of scientific journals, nine of religious papers, and twenty-four of papers that review current events. By far the largest number, forty-six in all, read weeklies made up of editorials on current topics and of short stories! Two facts are apparent from these figures: college students are especially fond of fiction in the short-story form, and they gain their knowledge of current events through the brief editorials of the weekly instead of from the daily paper. The weeklies named were, without exception, non-partisan journals with a national circulation, that treat topics in an unprejudiced, comprehensive manner. It is evident that the student who keeps well informed on current events is coming to depend on the weekly paper for his information.

Why the journals that contain short stories are preferred is revealed by the following facts concerning novel reading. No figures were obtained regarding monthly magazines, but a general expression showed the same general facts as appear in the figures concerning the weeklies. All of the students are readers of some monthly magazine, but all naturally choose month-

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lies and weeklies of the same general character.

Passing from fiction in its shorter forms to a consideration of the novel, we discover the cause for the popularity of the short story among college students. During six months of residence in college, all but sixteen had read some longer work of fiction. Fourteen had read a novel every month, and two had read one every fortnight. But the average number read by each student during the six months was less than four. The explanation seems to be that the student rarely finds time to read uninterruptedly a story of three or four hundred pages. In his demand for condensed stories he is thoroughly American. College duties are acting as an actual restraint upon the tendency to read novels that is natural to younger people. What few novels had been read during the six months were of every conceivable sort, varying from the staid works of Jane Austen and Sir Walter Scott to the popular, and even some of the notorious, works of our own writers. Evidently most of them were read through capricious curiosity rather than because of any well-developed taste for a special type of fiction.

In the realm of non-fiction figures are still more surprising. Only forty-one of the eighty-eight, or less than one-half, read the Bible with any regularity. This is merely a commentary on the well-known ignorance of the American youth as to what is contained in the Holy Scriptures. Youthful training has supplied a knowledge of the interesting parables and stories; but he is a rare student that has a comprehensive grasp of the salient facts of the New Testament. As many show an interest in essays on a wide range of subjects as in the Bible. Of the essayists, Emerson, van Dyke, and Carlyle have many followers. Thirty-three students had read some poetry for pleasure, principally Longfellow and Tennyson. About fifteen have an interest in modern plays that has doubtless been aroused by seeing the stage productions.

Among the eighty-eight students, five had read the biography of one great man during the six months' time. Of these five, four were women! Truly, "the wisest books in the libraries," the well-springs of inspiration for the youth of all ages, lie in sore straits. It is possible that history and literature courses afford college students some conceptions of the characters of the world's great men. But such brief reference can give them very little inspiration in comparison with that gained by a detailed study of the struggles, discouragements, and final success of some one great man. The value of biographical study in the formation of character is too well known to need an extended defense.

From these facts some conclusions are obvious. The college student of to-day has a wholesome, though misguided, taste in his general reading. Doubtless a more careful direction of his outside reading during high school years would greatly develop his taste for standard fiction. American college students are clearly deficient in two fields of knowledge that are familiar ground to his English cousins, namely, present-day politics and the English Bible. A similar inquiry in English schools would scarcely reveal any such ignorance of biography as appears in this specific case.

This lack of interest in biography, as well as other faulty habits in reading, might easily be remedied by the suggestive directions of high school and college instructors. It is a matter worthy of attention. The acquirement of a correct taste in reading is a large part of a liberal education, particularly in an age when reading is an almost universal habit. There are many evidences of poor taste in reading throughout America. The mass is unwieldy and the process of improvement slow. But there is a very definite work, and one that will greatly elevate the general taste for profitable reading, to be done in our colleges and universities.

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THE ORDERED HOUSE

BY EDITH RICKERT

SHE was like an old Italian picture as she lay in her bed, waiting for the doctor. For background she had a narrow green room, with a long, low window hung with white, green-flecked curtains, a straight little bed of black oak, a small round table, a great carved chest and armchair; no other furniture, scarcely a picture, scarcely an ornament except a bunch of snowdrops in a slender green vase. She herself was as if planned for its center, in her lilac-flowered dressing-jacket with lilac ribbons on the braids of red-gold hair that lay upon her shoulders.

When she heard the doctor's carriage and his voice on the stairs, she flushed a little and busied her nervous fingers with the snowdrops.

To his "Good-morning" from the doorway she answered only with a glance and a smile; but as he took her wrist she asked without preamble, "Are you ready now to answer my question?"

He looked at her without speaking for a moment—a youngish man, his dark hair just touched with gray, steady of glance, square of chin, impassive except for a wavering of color now and again in his cheeks.

"You are impatient," said he, slowly.

"Always," she corroborated him, "when I am idle—"

Her maid stood in the doorway with a long box. "What is it, Rosa? Bring it here." The impatience was manifest then.

"It" proved to be purple and white lilacs in great masses.

"Lilacs in February!" Her thin white fingers hunted vainly for a card.

Looking up sharply, she caught the access of color in the doctor's face. "It was you!" she exclaimed.

He was strongly embarrassed. "Don't you find a card? No, you won't—I didn't mean— The fact is, they were promised for yesterday. I didn't expect to get caught like this."

"No?" she said, her face almost hidden in the blossoms. "You meant them for *yesterday?* Ah, you knew I had guessed—"

"Guessed what?" he demanded, with a sudden return of professional alertness.

"That I am going to die," she said, without change of voice.

"But you are not," he assured her, with sufficient quiet emphasis.

She came out from among the flowers then, and looked to see if he were speaking truth. "I don't believe you," she said, curtly, "and you don't believe yourself."

His smile was perhaps the best answer he could have given.

"Well, then"— she frowned at him— "when may I get up to work?"

"I don't know," said he.

"To-morrow?"

"No."

"Thursday?"

"No."

"Next week?"

He paused and studied the snowdrops a moment before he answered. "If I have my way—either as physician or as friend—you will never go back to work—to *that* work."

She took it very quietly, turning her face to the wall so that he could see only the delicately hollowed curve of her cheek against the cloud of her hair. Presently she asked, "And if I should get up to-morrow—"

He rose and walked the length of the room, saying as he returned, "Then I wash my hands of you."

She hid her face in the lilacs again, and was silent.

"Tell me," he began abruptly, "how long have you been at this jewelry business?"

"Eight years."

"It is—I don't wish to be inquisitive—satisfactory?"

She flung the lilacs aside. "I live for it!"

"I know—I know"—he held up a soothing hand. "But my question was rather, Does it pay?"

"Now—yes." She gave a little sigh. "I used to go hungry at first—often. But now—even with Bernstein and an

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apprentice I have more than I can do. I was going to get an assistant—my order-book is so full. You see, I—I have made all this—these last years." Her little gesture seemed to refer to the house; at least, he took it so.

"It's the prettiest house I know. Bernstein? What's he? Your polisher? I remember, the old man who waylaid me on Saturday to ask me about you. He was quite tearful. He had a long story, how you had picked him out of the gutter and saved him from drink and given him work—"

"Please don't," she said, flushing. "It was nothing, and he's a treasure!"

"But my point is," said he, "that I want you to throw up all this sort of thing and go live with your family for a time."

"Haven't got one;" she smiled at him triumphantly.

"What? No relations at all?"

"Only a married sister with three babies. My brother-in-law lent me money to set up with; I paid it back, of course. They'd be nice to me; but—no!"

"The babies would be good for you," said he. "But this is amazing! No cousins—no aunts?"

She still smiled her little triumph: "No—all dead. We're a used-up family. That's why I'm not surprised at what's happened to me. It generally comes to that—with us."

"Did I tell you you had—well, what you call *that?*"

"But I know! I knew the minute this influenza got hold of me that it would happen. Besides, it's your little game not to tell anything."

"I've told you one plain fact, anyway. You either drop all this kind of work and sell out and go to the country, or—" Clearly he did not like to press the alternative.

"Sell out?" she cried, piteously. "My house? All my beautiful things? I've been three years collecting them. I starved myself at first because I couldn't do without them. I couldn't live in any other place than this."

"Then store them," he suggested, briefly.

She caught at a thread of hope. "For how long?"

"Till you are well."

"Ah, yes," she repeated, with pathetic irony, "till I am well." Then she sat up suddenly, her eyes and cheeks ablaze. "Dr. Fields, you ask the impossible. My life is all planned. It all fits together. The house—I—I've grown into it until it's like a shell. . . ."

"I know," he admitted, rather huskily.

"I can't conceive any other life. I live only when I'm making these beautiful things; it's what I was born for. And if you stop me—"

"Do you think it's quite fair," he asked, in a reasonable tone of voice, "to accuse me of stopping you?"

She could not answer that except with a sudden rise of tears. He went to stand by the window until her voice called him back.

"Please tell me plainly what you want me to do, and I'll see if I can—"

He appeared to find difficulty in expressing his thoughts, but managed presently: "You've been living in a trim garden patch, so to speak; suppose you run wild in the woods for a year or two?"

"A year—or two," she repeated after him. "It would be too late then to begin again. I should be forgotten."

His look told her plainly that it was not in his plan that she should return at all.

He tried to qualify his opinion: "Just now you're an exotic, like those lilacs; by the time you're as hardy as the same flowers when they come outdoors in May—we'll talk again."

"I don't see how I can manage it," she said, stubbornly.

He was too eager with his "Let me help."

"No, thank you," she said, with a sudden uplift of the chin.

"You only lend a helping hand—as in the case of Bernstein—never take one?" he pleaded.

She bit her lip, clearly caught, then she said, gently: "I have many good friends, but, you see, they all live in their own ways. Their lives are arranged—as mine was. I couldn't interfere."

He pondered this a moment, then: "I see. You don't give them much chance, do you? Well, even if I may not be counted as your friend, let me go ahead as your doctor."

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She looked at him doubtfully. "If I did—would—would it be in time?"

He set his jaw. "I mean it to be."

Her thoughts seemed to wander, and she picked at the lace of her sleeve to hide a rising emotion. "And all these years I have been fancying myself so well!"

"Pretending," he corrected her. "You pretended nobly the other times when you sent for me—you know you did. Good Lord! when one remembers the so-called interesting invalids in the world. . . . But it wasn't a part of your plan to be ill."

She dared him then—her last stand. "No, and it isn't now."

"Then take my way. It's your only chance. Pull your little house to pieces—"

There was yielding in her wail: "But Bernstein and my poor little apprentice—"

"We'll find something for them." She turned her face away from the unexpected "we."

"If I give up—as you say—what is your plan? I can't think of anything else. . . ."

"No, you've sat so long at your worktable, dreaming fairy stories in amethyst and beryl, and stones that nobody knows the name of, until you can't conceive any other form of life. Leave it to me—this once. Give me three months—as your doctor."

She looked at him steadily as she weighed his pleading, and at last she said, softly: "It's all tumbled, anyway—my house of cards—so I suppose it doesn't—matter."

He could not altogether control a certain exultation. "In a week or two we shall set about building you another."

. . . . . .

High above the plain lay the pine wood. The horses had been climbing nearly four miles before they came to the sunny glade in which the cottage stood.

They were a quaint little party: Petronilla herself in heavy furs, notwithstanding the mild air of February; Peter, the yellow-and-white terrier, very miserable at leaving home; the comfortable elderly nurse; and the doctor.

"Here you live," said Fields, fairly carrying his patient to the veranda.

She gazed with wonder at the rough little structure, built of wood still covered with bark. From where she stood she could look into a living-room and bedroom, bare and sparsely furnished, open to the sun and wind.

"It's the best I could do," apologized the doctor. "I'd like to have turned you into the open to sleep on pine-needles and cook over a camp-fire; but I'd a notion you'd object."

"Won't it rain in?" she asked, as timidly as a child.

"There are screens you can draw across—if you must be civilized and mind getting wet." His smile blunted the edge of the criticism.

As they looked at each other, both had a sudden memory of Petronilla's sitting-room in the house she had ordered to her own liking, so lately dismantled: the walls of pale gold, the carved Italian furniture in black oak, the single rug on the polished floor, the rare picture, the fragment of old jeweled stained glass in one window. There had been daffodils on the table the night he had been hastily summoned by a maid too frightened to lift her mistress from the floor. He had found her lying in her yellow dress like a crumpled rose, just as the tide of weakness had overswept her and drowned will and consciousness together. Until that night she had held her ground and fought with every breath for life and the work she loved. . . .

She moved restlessly about the one room and the other, apparently without looking at anything; then came back to the doctor, who awaited her on the veranda, without attempting to follow or to explain.

"What shall I do up here alone?" she asked piteously, her fingers clutching at one another, impatient at the bare thought of idleness.

He turned to the nurse, who had come out silently with a tray. "Sit down in this deck-chair, drink hot milk, and sleep until dinner-time. Nothing else matters."

"Then?" she persisted.

"Look at the sky and the trees until you fall asleep again. I don't believe you have ever found time to see them properly in all your short life!"

"No, I haven't," she faltered. "But what shall I think about?"

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"Don't think. Live. You'll have time now." Her face showed clearly that she was at a loss. "Never mind how. Be patient. You'll learn with the doing."

She broke into sudden tears, and hid her face in her hands.

"You foolish child!" said he; and then, crossing from the pillar where he stood, he laid a gentle hand on her quivering shoulder—"poor foolish child!" and so soothed her until she was quiet again. Then he added, with a kind of dogged earnestness: "You've got to begin with the A B C's. You know nothing of the things that make up nine-tenths of life. Take my word for it, they're worth while—some of them. I'll help you all I can. I sent up some books—"

"I hate reading!" she flashed through her tears. "I've never had time for it in all my life!"

"Of course I knew that," he admitted, quietly. "There are only half a dozen: a bird-book and a flower-book and a few sentimental novels—"

"Why 'sentimental'?" she could not help interrupting.

"Because I think you need a little cultivation on that side. And when you are sufficiently grown up, I shall bring you 'Don Quixote,' or some other wicked book to shock you into a sense of humor."

Little by little, he brought her into a state of reason and acquiescence, that merged into a pretty interest when he presently discovered and brought to her a primrose root in full blossom. And when it was time for him to return to town, he said: "I've put you in Dr. Ridgeway's charge; he drives past just below twice a day, and he knows all about you. There's no fear of tramps; but, if you get frightened, nurse has a whistle, and there's a woodman's cottage not three minutes away. When you are well enough, you can go play with the children there. But just now you're better alone with the woods and their little wild people"—he paused, then added—"and the stars."

"I think you must be a poet," said Petronilla.

"Heaven defend! I'm a plain doctor, but I try to know my patients." This sounded well, but he could not help the flush that betrayed some sudden, deeper emotion. He tried to cover his embarrassment with a hasty—"You must work, you know, as soon as you can; do honest muscular work that soils your hands. No more stooping over precious stones and breathing in metal dust—"

She put her hand to her heart as if in sudden pain. "I shall die here—just remembering all that I have had to put aside."

"No, you won't," he insisted. "You'll be too busy learning how to live. And I shall come up—when I can—to see that you do it properly."

. . . . . .

But for three weeks she had no word from him. She pouted a little over the thought that he had forgotten her in her cottage among the fragrant pines; and perhaps the very sulking stimulated her out of the dangerous passivity in which she lay for more than a week into making some sort of effort, which Dr. Ridgeway presently rewarded by reducing his visits to one a day. For three long weeks then she tried to forget both the old life and the man who had torn her out of it; and on the fourth Saturday she felt quite sure that he would come and praise her, and tell her that she would soon be well and able to go back to her work-table. She had a clear conscience, she insisted to herself; she had studied the bird-book and the flower-book; she had slept and eaten and walked and sat in the sun; and she often helped with such little work as their primitive housekeeping required. Yes, she had done her duty, and she was most certainly looking for her reward.

But the day was a true child of March—wild and stormy—and she soon lost all hope of his coming. She sat until evening on her veranda, swathed in rugs, hating the hot bottles and the food, the nurse's funny stories, and especially the sentimental novels. And when she tossed her book aside in the twilight, she thought piteously that it was no good fighting any longer. . . . She had built her one house on the sands and the storm had washed it away; and she could find no rock on which to build another. . . .

Through the rainy twilight she became aware of the woodman approaching with a letter. She read by candle-light these words from Fields:

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"You are getting on. I meant to come up to-day, but was prevented by a bad case. Look for me soon.

"E. KERSEWILL FIELDS."

She wondered why she cried when she went to bed; but she fell asleep even as she wondered.

The next Saturday was one of the perfect April days. Petronilla went singing about her little household tasks, quite forgetting that she did not like to do them. She announced to the nurse with justifiable pride that she meant to go down the hill to the swampy wood where the daffodils grew, and, when she had her hands full, to walk along the wood to meet the doctor.

She was at the bend by the edge of the wood, her arms full of yellow spoils, when she saw the smoke of his train several miles away; and there she waited until he had had time to drive up—to go into the town for a talk with Dr. Ridgeway and then drive up—to walk up—to come by the next train and walk up. . . . And after that she went slowly home, and her trail was marked by daffodils that she dropped, unheeding, all the way.

After that she ceased to count the days, or to let herself think either when he might come or when she would be able to get back to the two stiff little yew trees in green pots by her front door in town.

"If one must be a vegetable," she said, some days after her great disappointment, "one must be as vegetable as possible!" So she gave herself up to this, and vowed that she would think of nothing else in the world.

It was on a Friday afternoon as she lay in the sun on the pine-needles that she looked up suddenly and found the doctor standing over her.

"Yes," he assured her, as she started up on her elbow in a fright, "it's myself—not my ghost. I walked up from the station. How goes it?"

As she made no answer, he dropped by her side. "Your wrist, please." And after a moment: "Yes, Ridgeway's right. There's no doubt about it."

She was suddenly eager. "When can I go back to my work-table?"

He dropped her hand and looked away. "I'm disappointed. I thought you would have learned better by this time."

"Learned not to work?" she asked, feeling a sense of injury that he had made no excuse for not coming sooner.

"Oh, work—that's all right," he said, impatiently. "Only it's a means, not an end, as you still seem to think. I hoped you were learning to live—up here with the pines and the stars."

She hung her head like a child convicted of a fault, and said nothing.

"Aren't you happy?" he demanded.

"Oh, happy—" she breathed, scornfully. "If that were all—"

"Well, what have you against being happy?" he pursued quietly. "I don't say it's 'all,' but it's a very good thing. I don't know what's better—unless it's making other people happy."

"I was happy down below," she insisted, with gentle obstinacy. "Up here, now that all my plans are upset and I've nothing to—to live for . . . I'm just a vegetable, you see. . . ."

"Nonsense!" he derided her. "Unless it's an Annunciation lily painted by one of those old Italian chaps. You aren't clear of the studio yet. You don't know how to be a savage. Give me your hand again—so!"

Before she could guess his purpose he had brushed the pine-needles away from a little patch of earth and rubbed each of her hands in turn with the fine reddish mold.

"That's what you want," said he. "I'm sorry it isn't wet. Now get it on your face."

"Are you mad?" she gasped, struggling to remove the stains with handfuls of pine-needles.

"That's not fair," said he. "It's my prescription. It will make you grow. Sun and wind are all very well, madam; but there are other things you need, such as untidiness and nice, clean dirt, and—well, in a general sort of way, what we call Nature." He paused abruptly with a sudden flush, and pretended to shy twigs at an imaginary squirrel.

"I can't think what you mean," she protested. "I do my part of the work. Ask nurse. I'm sure I get untidy enough and all splashed when I'm washing up. . . ."

He had stopped hurling sticks, and now said with deliberation, "Petronilla, can you guess why I have stayed away these five weeks?"

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Her smile took the sting from her criticism. "You didn't give me a chance to say whether I *wanted* Dr. Ridgeway instead of—"

"There wasn't any choice," said he, curtly. "I knew Ridgeway; and somebody had to see you twice a day at first. Don't think I haven't followed every step of your progress; I knew when you were good and when you were naughty. But I might have come down, if I had liked, any week-end except the time I wrote. I stayed away because I wanted you to miss me; and I'm thinking—did you?"

He had her hand again, not professionally this time.

She did not withdraw it, but said reproachfully, "And is this a part of the treatment, too?"

"Treatment be hanged!" said he. "I'm not a doctor now."

She was silent, deeply moved he could see, but how he could not decipher.

Afraid to urge his cause, he turned away and absently broke off a branch of fir hanging before him; but in a moment it gave him his cue, and he laid it in her lap, saying: "It's this way, dear. You've had to give up the old life—it hurts, I know. But your figure is wrong when you talk of a house of cards. It's like this fir branch—always growing, putting the old behind it, budding out into the new. And it's got to grow as it can, according to circumstances—not in water, not through rock. It takes all the help it can get; all the air, the sunshine, the—the—love. . . . Did you miss me, Petronilla?" She was content to have his arms about her as she sobbed. "Am I really going to get well and begin again?"

"If you are good. What then?"

"Nothing. You were wrong about me. I did learn my lesson, though I didn't know it; and—and—I have been building another house—up here in the woods—and it is yours."

PUBLIC OPINION

THE DENIAL OF JUSTICE: ONE NEW YORK VIEW

In your issue of June 12, 1909, Mr. Scoville, Jr., has written an instructive study on "The Denial of Justice." Every one who has followed the subject at all will agree with him, especially when he speaks of the delays in the courts of Pennsylvania. In the interests of justice and fair play, I am bound to take issue with him, however, as far as the processes of law in civil suits in New York at present are concerned.

As a practicing attorney in New York City for eight years, I have had occasion to study the subject carefully during that time, and as a result of my own experience and observation I can say that within the last four years there has been a marked improvement in the courts of New York, and that suits such as are ordinarily brought by merchants and citizens can be brought on for trial and decided sooner and quicker in New York City than in any other large city of the United States.

I should like to cite a few instances in my own practice:

In January, 1905, I commenced an action in our City Court against a bank on its certified check, the payment of which had been "stopped" by the drawer. The question of law as to liability of the bank was argued in the City Court in the last week in January and decided in favor of the plaintiff. The bank appealed to the Supreme Court, which affirmed the decision on March 24. Ten days later the plaintiff was paid in full.

In October, 1906, an action was commenced in the Municipal Court for $465, against a man whose business was conducted in the name of an employee financially irresponsible on the theory of an "undisclosed principal." After several adjournments, the case was finally tried on November 13. Briefs were asked for by the trial justice and submitted to him. Judgment was given in favor of the plaintiff ten days later, though the defendant obtained a stay of five days. The defendant refused to pay the judgment, and I was compelled to examine him in "supplementary proceedings" in Kings County, where he resided. On December 12 he paid the judgment.

On January 24, 1908, an action was commenced in the City Court to recover $1,500 for goods sold to the defendant at an auction, which he claimed were not as repre-

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sented. The case was tried before a jury on March 13, and a verdict was found for the plaintiff. An appeal was taken to the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court, but as I went abroad that summer, the appeal was not argued until October. The judgment was affirmed at the end of November, and the defendant paid in full a few days later.

On October 9, 1908, an action was commenced in the Municipal Court to recover $345 for breach of contract to sell a grocery store. After negotiations for settlement fell through, the case was tried on November 9, and judgment was given for the plaintiff at the end of the trial. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, but on my consent to waive the costs, on appeal, the defendant paid the judgment in full on December 30, 1908—a few days before the appeal could be argued.

These instances are not exceptional or unusual. An ordinary commercial suit not exceeding $500 can be tried in our Municipal Court within one month; if the action does not involve more than $2,000, it can be tried in the City Court within ten calendar court months; and if the case can be tried within two hours, it will be reached for trial in the same court within two months. In the Supreme Court a suit will be reached for trial in eighteen months at most, and if the action is on contract and can be tried within two hours, the case can be tried in four months after it is placed on the calendar. Cases tried without a jury can be tried in the Supreme Court in six months.

I know of no city where a diligent plaintiff can have his case tried as quickly as in New York City at present, if he will only take advantage of all opportunities afforded him by the law promptly and let technicalities go by the board.

The whole situation, as far as New York is concerned, has been summed up by Judge Truax, of our Supreme Court, at the banquet of the New York County Bar Association when he said: "Law's delay is a misnomer—it is the lawyer's delay." LOUIS LANDE.

290 Broadway, New York City.

THE DENIAL OF JUSTICE: ANOTHER NEW YORK VIEW

I have read with very great interest the article in your issue of June 12 by Mr. Scoville, entitled "The Denial of Justice." It will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of those who have had to do with our New York courts. A case in our own office illustrates so strikingly the point which is made by Mr. Scoville as to the law's delays and the consequent injustice to the suitor that I am constrained to give the facts herewith.

The day before Thanksgiving, 1906, one G. was working in a railway terminal in process of erection by one of our large railway corporations. In moving one of the temporary wires placed there for the purpose of giving light to the workers, he was instantly killed by an electric shock, occasioned by the fact that, through defective insulation, the entire voltage of the system was running through these temporary wires.

That night the wife, busy with her preparations for a happy Thanksgiving, was summoned to the door of her home by a man who proved to be an undertaker, and who told her that her husband had been killed that afternoon and suggested that he could be of service to her as an undertaker.

The wife was a young Scotch girl who had been married but four years, had one little child, and was absolutely dependent upon her husband for support. No word of sympathy or suggestion of settlement was made to her by the railway company, and indeed no word of any kind was received from them, and a suit was accordingly brought in January, 1907, to recover damages for the death of her husband.

As the suit was brought in New York, it became necessary, in the complaint, to set out the well-known New Jersey statute which provides for a recovery in case of death by negligence; but the defendant railway, in its answer, denied any knowledge or information sufficient to form a belief as to the existence of this statute, and made such other sweeping denials that it became necessary to take out an order for an examination of its officers before trial. Instead of appearing for the purpose of this preliminary examination, the railway moved to vacate the order, and the motion was granted without opinion.

It would have been possible to have appealed from this decision, but the costs of the appeal would have been heavy, as the papers were voluminous and would have had to be printed, and, even if the appeal had been successful, it was rather expected that the statement of each officer, as he was in turn examined, would be that *he* did not know about the matters at issue, so that it was considered unwise to take such appeal, but to proceed as expeditiously as possible with the suit.

The case was reached for trial in May, 1908, and the jury brought in a substantial verdict. Notwithstanding the fact that the statement had been made by representatives of the road to counsel that all that was wanted in order to warrant payment to the widow was the verdict of twelve impartial jurors, an appeal was forthwith taken to the higher court.

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This appeal came on for argument in November, 1908. When it was called for argument, it was announced from the bench that it could not be heard at that time, because two of the judges were not qualified to sit. This was, presumably, because they were stockholders of the road in question, and counsel for the plaintiff immediately arose and stated that plaintiff waived any such disqualification, and asked to have the case disposed of at that term. This request was denied.

On the adjournment of court at the end of the day, however, on the facts being presented to the presiding justice, he stated that he would delegate two other judges to hear the appeal if counsel for the railway would consent to this being done. Counsel for the railway refused to give this consent, with the result that the case went over again.

The case was finally heard by the Appellate Court, and the judgment of the lower court was affirmed. An appeal was forthwith taken by the railway to the Court of Appeals, where the case now is, and where it is not likely to be reached for another year.

Now, what is the result to the plaintiff in the suit? She had had a comfortable home, a husband who was able to provide for herself and for her little boy, and who, as she testified on the trial, "had supported me well during our married life." Now she is destitute. The piano which her husband had given her just before his death has had to be sold to enable her to take her boy to friends in Scotland who could care for him.

When the case neared trial, she was sent for and had to come here, leaving her child on the other side. She was kept here several months, first because of the delay in the calling of the case for trial, and, second, because, after the trial was had, it was hoped that judgment would be paid. During that time she took a position as waitress in a restaurant to support herself, but she could not bear the continued separation from her little boy, and has accordingly gone back to Scotland to be with him.

About three years have passed since the accident, and another year will pass before one cent is received by her in return for the damages which thus far two courts have determined she has sustained.

She has lost all faith in judicial procedure, cannot be made to understand the reason for the continuous delays, and, although she has not said it, evidently feels that her counsel are at fault in not having the case disposed of long ere this.

SAMUEL T. CARTER, JR.

New York City.

SHOTGUNS We are very much surprised to note in your issue of June 5, on page 300, a statement to the effect that our No. 105 shotgun is sold for export at $2.80 and at home for $4.25, while the facts are that our price for this gun for export is $3.25 each, and for home trade $3.25 each to the same class of dealers, and you could have ascertained this by dropping us a line or by making inquiry of any reliable export house or domestic jobber before publishing so damaging a statement. As generally your articles are regarded with confidence by the American public, therefore all possible care should be taken before making statements that may prove injurious. There is not fifty-two per cent difference between our domestic and export prices; on the contrary, we have always tried to keep our export prices and our domestic prices as nearly on an even basis as possible. Sometimes on certain lines the export prices are slightly higher, as we believe in giving the American public the very best value for their money, and that has been the policy of our company for forty-five years. The vast growth of our business is a proof that the public appreciates the value we give.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
W. TYRIE STEVENS.

The statement was a quotation from a pamphlet by Mr. James G. Parsons, Secretary of the Tariff Committee of the Reform Club. In the course of a letter replying to Mr. Stevens, Mr. Parsons says:

As our pamphlet plainly states, the export prices in the tables from which the item referred to was taken were obtained principally from the Exporters' and Importers' Journal, published by Henry W. Peabody & Co., from the issue of January 16, 1909, in connection with the Price Current Discount Sheet for that issue, which we obtained after difficulty. On page 75 of this issue we find a number of articles quoted as of this make, and among these is the shotgun No. 105, listed at $7 subject to discount No. 779, which, by reference to the Discount Sheet, we find to be 50-20 per cent. The net price of the article for export, therefore, as plainly advertised in this journal, which is one of the highest authorities for the export trade, is $2.80, as we stated. The net domestic price for the same article at the same time, $4.25, as put in comparison with the above export price, was given to our representative by a jobber of the highest standing. Both of these prices were quoted as wholesale prices, or prices to dealers.

In another letter on this same subject Mr. Stevens makes the following additional statement:

It seems that in 1906 this gun was sold for export at $2.80, the figure claimed by Mr. Parsons, and the quotation in that Journal was never changed. At the time this gun was sold at $2.80 for export it was sold to the domestic trade at $2.75, which we can prove to you by our price-list prepared at that time.

THE EDITORS.

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The Outlook Classified Advertising Department

Advertising rates are: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Summer Camps, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, fifty cents per agate line. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

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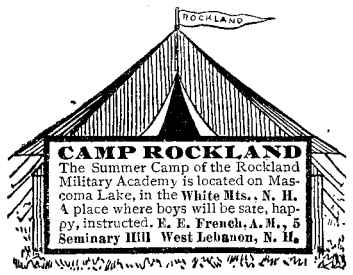
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WANTED, by Virginia lady, position as housekeeper or companion. Would travel. References. 2,041, Outlook.

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YOUNG lady of refinement desires position as governess in the South. 2,039, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl wants summer position as tutor, companion, or mother's helper. 2,027, Outlook.

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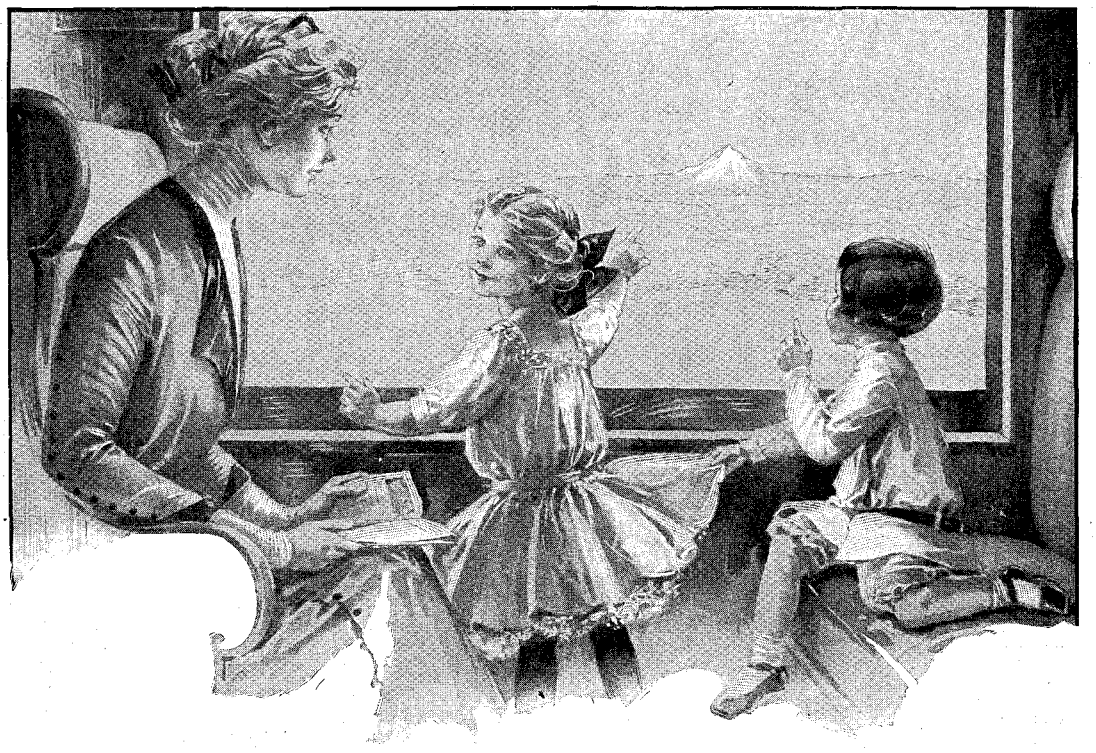

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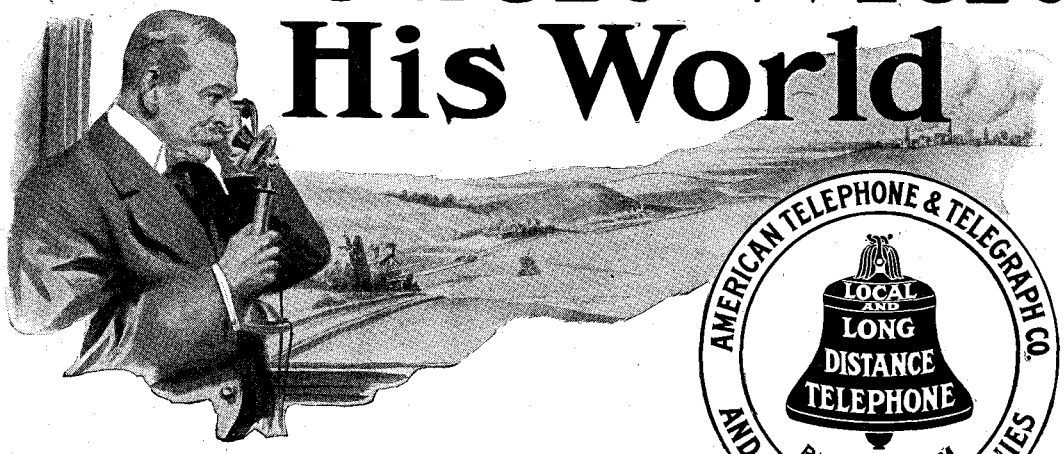

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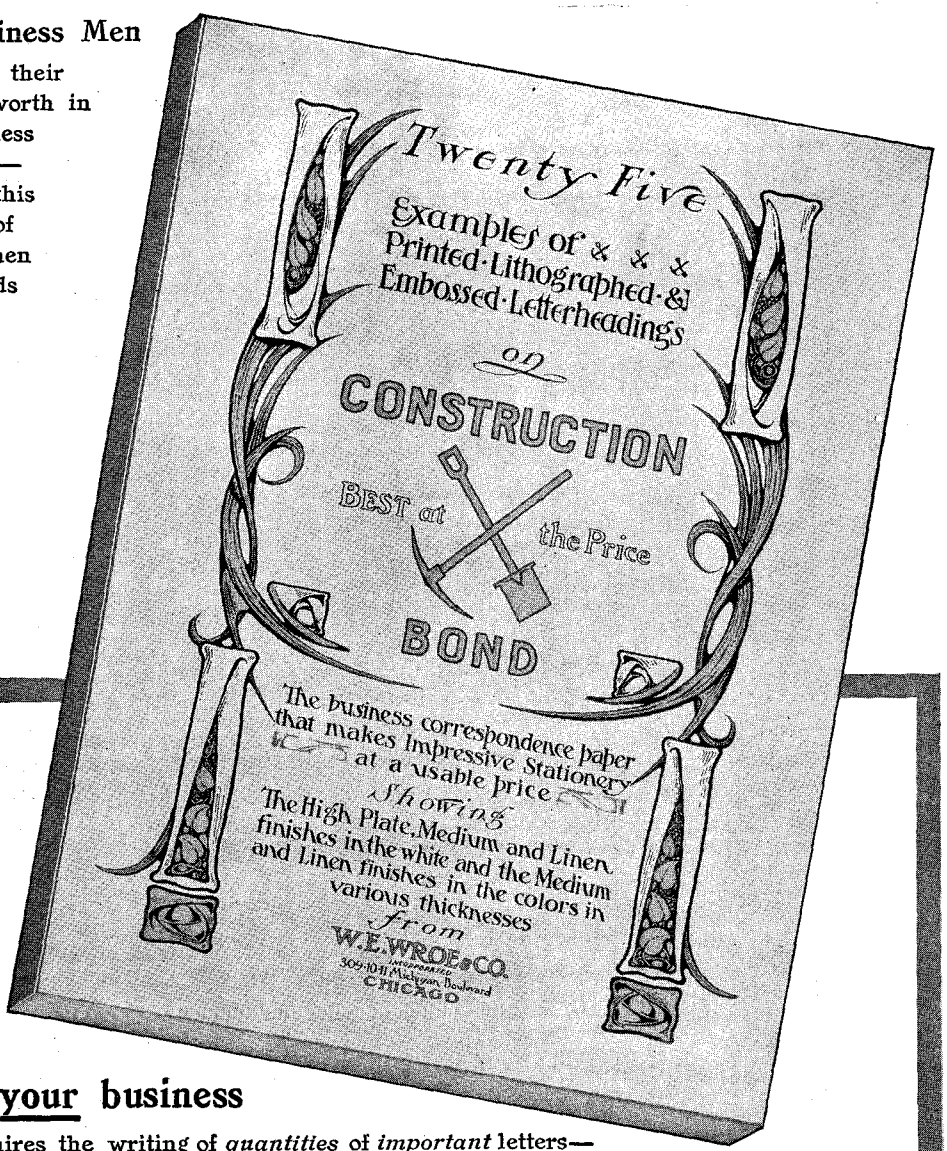

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